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JUNE 16, 1979

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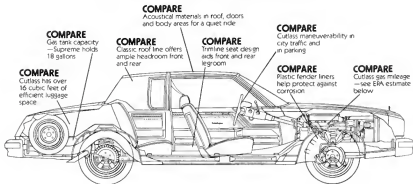
GOLF GHOSTS APLENTY will be walking at innumerable during the U.S. Open. Harry Vardon played his last major U.S. tournament on the Toledo course, and both Bobby Jones and Jack Nicklaus played their first Opens there. Dan Jenkins reports.

HE ISN'T KICKING about his life in Dublin, but on a track Eamonn Coghlan has an unpredictable kick that few can counter. Kenny Moore writes of the man who demolished the indoor-mile record and could soon do the same outdoors.

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5. Are your feet generally fatigued at the end of the day?
6. Do your feet ever feel hot or tender?
7. Are you embarrassed by foot perspiration or odor?
8. Do your feet, knees, or elbows show signs of rough, dry or hard skin?

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Footloose

by AL STUMP

SOME CAULIFLOWER ALLEY CLUBMEN MIGHT BE DOWN, BUT THEY'RE NOT OUT

Near Hollywood's central business district lie the remains of an old boxing and wrestling arena, the 7,000-seat Legion Stadium. In 1959, to make way for new land use, concrete slabs were laid over the stadium, burying what had been one of the West's busiest fight clubs during the 1920s, '30s and '40s. But the place still draws fans. On a recent afternoon some 80 members of the Cauliflower Alley Club, an organization of old-time ring stars (average age 67), met above the spot where many of them once threw punches or wrestled. "Maybe they buried the joint," said 71-year-old Jimmy McLarnin, the world welterweight champion in 1933, "but they haven't got us yet."

That defiant spirit marks the CAC, the country's largest fraternity of ex-fighters and wrestlers. The club was formed 11 years ago to salute yesterday's heroes of the ring, to help them escape the loneliness of retirement and hear some cheers again—if only from their peers. "Having a club to come to fills empty days for the boys," says Marshall Wright, one of the CAC's founders. "Many of them live on small savings and pensions, although we have a few millionaires. They may need a cane or wheelchair to reach the sessions, but they keep coming. Mickey Cohen, for instance, collapsed at the door and we had to carry him in. He died not long after" (Cohen, Los Angeles' most notorious gangster in post-World War II days, qualified for the club because he was a popular Cleveland lightweight years earlier.)

Weekly meetings, which are usually held in the Golden State Hotel in Burbank, are called to order by striking the bell used at the Dempsey-Turney "long-count" fight of 1927. The death of an Alley Clubber is observed by striking the same bell 10 times. Last words are often spoken by Kid Chisel, 69, once the U.S. Navy's top-ranked welterweight. Not long ago, during a eulogy for a departed comrade, Chisel declared, "Friend Ed isn't dead, he's sleeping." From a side table came the reply, "I'll lay 8 to 5 against that."

Some club members are so old they can recall Lillie Langtry sitting at ringside before World War I. Eighty-six-year-old Phil Bloom, a noted lightweight in his day, knew John L. Sullivan, Fidel La Barba, 74, held the world flyweight crown during the Coolidge Administration. Young Abe Anell, a wispy 84-year-old who had 300-odd bouts beginning in 1910, says, "Cus didn't stop you in those days—they used a solution so damned pow-

erful it blinded some guys for good when a got into their eyes."

One of the few honorary members of the Cauliflower AC is Mac West, 86, a lifetime boxing fan. One day, arriving at a club meeting in a cloud of chignon, Miss West glanced over the elderly crowd and asked, "Where am I, boys—in a wax museum?"

Many famous names of the past attend the club's gatherings, among them Willie (Gordie) Jones, 73, a former middleweight champion who toured New York with a pet lion on a leash; Jackie Fields, 72, once welterweight champ; Henry Armstrong, 67, unique holder of three world titles simultaneously; Lou Nova, 64-year-old inventor of the "Cosmic Punch," who twice KO'd Max Baer; Jimmy Dine, 82, who, when his with a full up-percut some 60 years ago, performed a backward somersault, landed on both feet and went on to win the fight.

But not all club members are noted for their deeds in the ring. Dr. Brad Levin, for instance, a spry 34-year-old from Los Angeles, was a fighter's dentist for half a century. Levin probably replaced more teeth than anyone in his field and perfected the protective mouthpiece back in the days of Jack Johnson. And some members still hold jobs. Among them is Harvey Parry, who, though over 70, is the active dean of Hollywood stuntmen. "At 80 I plan to quit stunting," says Parry, a feared body puncher in his youth. Parry taught Jimmy Cagney to fight for the movies, cauliflowering one of Cagney's ears in the process. Cagney, by the way, is an honorary CAC member.

At a typical gathering CAC members might watch boxing movies, form committees to visit ailing and bedridden ex-fighters or hand out awards. In a recent poll the 430 cardholders chose those club members they felt most qualified for various honors. Among the winners: "Worst hands," Jimmy McLarnin, whose knuckles are showed halfway to his wrist; "Worst nose," Mushy Callahan, 74, junior welterweight champ in 1926-30, with a nose so pumiced it's hardly a nose at all; "Worst ears," Mike Mazurki, 6' 6" club president, a one-time professional wrestler and a current movie tough guy, whose ears fold down from the top, then flatten into dog-ears; "Prettiest," the one and only Sugar Ray Robinson, still handsome at 58; "Ugliest," Count Billy Varga, ex-heavyweight wrestler, who's also the biggest nonemaker, aptator and program pest during the luncheon meetings.

Many of the former boxers and wrestlers miss the excitement of the past, a yearning expressed in the club anthem which they sing at the end of every CAC meeting:

Bless us all,
Bless us all,
The heavy, the light and the small,
Bless our flat noses and cauliflowerered ears,
For we are the ones whom
They stood up and cheered.

END

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

RING'S COMIC STRIP WASN'T COMIC, BUT IT WAS A BOON, AS HE WAS UNECONOMIC

For 2½ years, from the fall of 1922 to the winter of 1925, Ring Lardner wrote the continuity for a comic strip based on the misadventures of Jack Keefe, the brash young pitcher of Lardner's *You Know Me Al* short stories. The strip long ago vanished into newspaper files and microfilm, but now a generous sampling of it has been rescued and published in a handsome paperback.

Entitled *Ring Lardner's You Know Me Al: The Comic Strip Adventures of Jack Keefe* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/Bruccoli Clark, \$6.95), the book contains 292 of the approximately 700 strips that Lardner wrote. For Lardner fans and comic-strip historians, it is a valuable collection, for most other readers, however, the book is little more than an amiable curiosity.

The reason is that Lardner didn't have his heart in his work. He made a great deal of money from the strip (he lived extravagantly and needed it), but most of the time he was merely going through the motions. The humor of the Jack Keefe stories derives from the bumbling and unwitting ways in which the naive, self-centered "busher" reveals his own vanity and ignorance; but the comic-strip relies on gags, a form of low humor with which Lardner was never comfortable.

In the strip Keefe joins the White Sox, plays with and against celebrated heroes of the day, argues salary with Charles Comiskey, and suffers one romantic embarrassment after another. As in the short stories, he is the butt of jokes, the fall guy, the fool who never comprehends his own foolishness.

For today's readers, much of the humor will seem dated and shopworn; the strip has little of the timelessness that allows Lardner's stories to hold up so well. Additionally, the best that can be said for the drawings—most by Dick Dorgan, some by Will B. Johnston—is that they are primitive. If nothing else, they serve to remind us how much comic-strip art has advanced in just a few decades.

Yet it is good to have the Jack Keefe comic strips for the simple reason that Lardner wrote them; they are, in their way, as valuable to an understanding of his life and work as such fine stories as "The Golden Honey-moon" and "Some Like Them Cold." Lardner hated doing the strips and knew they were a huge drain on his time and energy, but he did them anyway—for money. One can't even begin to guess how many short stories or other work of importance went unwritten as a consequence.

END

The 4 longest balls at the National Long Driving Championship were Titleists.

At the National Long Driving Championship the biggest hitters in the country pick the ball of their choice and hit it as far as they can. Every year the con-

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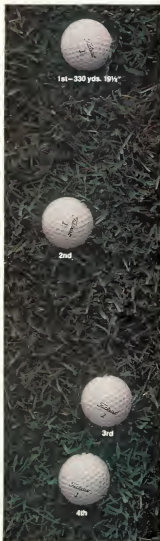
Other balls would have you believe they are long. But recent machine tests against the leading balls have shown that Titleist is the longest ball off the tee, where distance really counts. Apparently the big hitters have known it all along.

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*Based on Maxwell Report, 1977.

Long Lights, 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report (May '78).

SCORECARD

Edited by MYRA GELBAND

PRETTY PLEASE

A commendable result of the NFL's spring meeting was a modification of the rules concerning unnecessary roughness. The dangerous defensive tactics of butting, spearing and ramming with the hard-shell helmet (SL Aug. 14, 1978 et seq.), now will call for a 15-yard penalty. But the owners stopped short of eliminating the chop block used by the offense. Instead, they agreed to "appeal to coaches to discourage its use."

Purportedly to prevent injuries that might result from insufficient padding, the NFL at the same time informed its teams that players with uniform violations—and that includes flapping shirt-tails—will be forced to the sidelines until they are properly dressed. In other words, you can chop-block a lineman as long as your jersey is tucked in.

A chop block is usually thrown as part of a double team by a lineman and back who are trying to protect their quarterback. It entails one of the blockers—most often the back—hitting a pass rusher below the waist, specifically in the vulnerable area of the knees, and many coaches think it should be banned.

All-Pro Offensive Lineman Conrad Dobler, a noted tough guy, unsurprisingly is pleased with the decision to leave chop blocking alone. "I'm concerned with safety and reducing injuries, too," Dobler says. "People have been hurt that way, no question, but if you don't stop the defensive rusher, he winds up killing your quarterback."

But even Dobler knows full well that asking coaches not to encourage the use of the chop block will hardly eliminate it. "The only way to kill it," he says, "is to make it illegal for the back to block below the waist."

ROOF OOF

Fortunately, there wasn't a crowd in Kansas City's Kemper Arena when the roof collapsed last week. Only a handful of people were working in the building, and no one was hurt. Although the cause

of the cave-in has not been determined, there is speculation that the roof was weakened by a severe storm, which an hour before the collapse lashed the city with 70 mph winds and 3¼ inches of rain.

Kemper Arena is home to the Kansas City Kings of the NBA, next season's Big Eight basketball tournament and the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show. It was the site of the 1976 Republican National Convention, and, during the week of the collapse, the American Institute of Architects was holding its annual meeting there.

Ironically, the AIA had cited the arena in 1976 for its design, though AIA President Ehrman B. Mitchell Jr. said, "There wasn't any structural review in the award process."

In 1968 the Spectrum in Philadelphia had to have a portion of its roof replaced after it blew off, and last winter the roof of the Hartford Civic Center fell in (SL Jan. 30, 1978). All three roofs were of a design described as "free-standing," meaning not supported by walls.

The Kings will move back into their original Kansas City home, Municipal Auditorium, until the Kemper Arena roof is fixed, which should be sometime this fall. But as Dave Busch, the Kings' public relations man, says, "The problem is not so much where we'll play now, but who will be involved in what suits. It's a pretty good bet that these free-standing roofs may have a structural flaw."

FIT FOR A POPE (CONTO)

Ever since a conclave of Cardinals elected him Pope after the sudden death of his predecessor, John Paul II has impressed the world with his vigor. Not only does the fitness-minded Pontiff do push-ups (SCORECARD, June 11), but he also likes to ski, hike and canoe for exercise. But, obviously, it's difficult for him to find the time and the privacy to indulge his athletic bent nowadays.

The remedy, he has decided, is swimming, not his favorite sport but one he is

good at, and he is having a 25-meter pool built at his summer residence, Castelgandolfo, in the Alban hills outside Rome. The proposed pool did cause a mild stir among economy-minded Vatican officials. Indeed, one French visitor, learning of the project, was prompted to remark, "A swimming pool might be pretty expensive, Your Holiness." "It will be less expensive than another conclave," said the Pope.

SIS-BOOM-BAH

When the softball fans at Sun City (Ariz.) Stadium holler, "Bring on the pompon girls," they're asking for 64-year-old Foozie Harlan and Leslie's Pompon Squad, a group of 55-to-77-year-old women who perform at Sun City Saints' women's fast-pitch games.

Corinne Leslie, 77, started the group when she found there were so many energetic women in her disco dance class. After overcoming the skepticism that



greeted its April debut at a Saints' game, LPS has also been playing to standing ovations at local high schools and nursing homes.

The pep squad dances—Rockette style—to disco music, performers swishing yellow-and-orange pompoms and wiggling their hips. Choreographer Leslie and Jerri Parker, 66, stand on their heads as part of the show, but it is Foozie who has emerged as the stellar attraction. Her routine includes cartwheels, handstands and splits that leave onlookers gasping. When her daughter, Mrs. Jackie Crastrui-

continued

ta, watched her mother perform, she was circumspect, saying only, "I feel like I'm my mother's mother."

SIS-BOOM-BOO

Lucille Montequin is the Dade County, Fla. school coordinator for compliance with Title IX, which prohibits sex discrimination in federally funded programs, and she thinks that girls' basketball teams deserve the same rousing rah-rah that the boys get. To that end, Montequin is planning to issue guidelines that would provide for cheerleaders at all girls' games.

For Title IX fans, alas, it turns out that some of the cheerleaders aren't all that thrilled with this development. "I believe in girls' sports being supported, but for some reason I can't get excited about cheering for the girls," complains Holly Asastamoinen, the captain of Miami's Sunset High squad.

Cara DePalo, a South Miami High cheerleader, laments, "You have to maintain your grades. You can't get a D in conduct. How do they expect us to do all this and cheer for the girls, too?"

Maybe Montequin would have better luck if her guidelines provided that at girls' games the cheerleaders be boys.

UNPOPULAR VOTE

The perennial outrage at baseball's All-Star voting hardly seems worth the energy anymore, but something should be done if seven of the eight National League starters to be selected by fan vote turn out to be Philadelphia Phillies, as the early returns indicate they will be. If the Phillies could poke line drives as well as their fans poke those little holes in the computer-card ballots, they wouldn't be in fourth place in the National League East.

While good cases can be made for Pete Rose at first base and Mike Schmidt at third, what's to be done at second, where Manny Trillo leads the voting even though an injury has prevented him from playing since May 3? At catcher, a worthy candidate, Gary Carter of Montreal, is hidden in seventh place while Bob Boone of Philadelphia has got four times as many votes as he has. Probably nothing can be done to further the cause of the league's surprise batting leader, Lou Brock, who was left off the ballot—which was printed in early April—but Chicagoans and others should come to the aid of Cub Dave Kingman. Philadel-

phia's Greg Luzinski, who is batting .260 with six home runs, has rolled up 213,445 more votes than Kingman, who has a major league-leading 20 homers and a .304 average.

Boston and New York lead the American League in jingoism. Carlton Fisk of the Red Sox tops the balloting for catcher, though an injury has prevented him from starting a game behind the plate. New York heartthrob Bucky Dent (.238) is way ahead of the league's leading hitter, Minnesota's Roy Smalley (.367), in the shortstop voting. But then the Yankees average roughly 20,000 more fans a home game than the Twins do.

Thank you, Bowie Kuhn and Gillette, for giving us the vote. Now please take it back.

VERMEIL'S DEAL

Dick Vermeil may be from Los Angeles but, as W. C. Fields wrote for his eptaph, he'd rather be in Philadelphia. And he is. The coach of the Eagles says it's all because owner Leonard Tose is so generous. Maybe too generous.

"He's overpaid me the last three years and he treats me too nice," Vermeil says with a grin. "He treats my wife and family too nice. He spoils us rotten. I'm a guy who never had a damn thing, and all of a sudden I'm financially secure for the rest of my life. I have a contract that, hey, it's unbelievable. I don't even want to talk about it."

Vermeil's original five-year contract has just been extended for another five years—it now won't expire until 1985. Though Eagle General Manager Jim Murray will describe the contract only as being "bigger than a bread box, smaller than the stadium," Vermeil's annual salary is reportedly more than \$250,000. His deal also calls for the Eagles to provide him with a house in the fashionable Philadelphia suburb of Bryn Mawr, two cars, \$500,000 in life insurance, membership in the Philadelphia Country Club and a bonus if the team finishes at better than .500.

Ed Hookstraten is the sharp lawyer who drew up Vermeil's dream contract, and it should come as no surprise that the \$50,000 fee for Hookstraten's services was paid by the Eagles.

DADES FOR A DAY, ANYWAY

In honor of Father's Day, June 17, New York's Belmont Park will salute three great horses. Secretariat will be honored,

and fittingly, because he has been at stud since his retirement at the end of his 1973 Triple Crown campaign and, at latest count, has 130 registered offspring. The other two honorees? Kelso and Forego, who are at least equally renowned as runners but will never be celebrated as sires. They are both geldings.

FINAL RESTING PLACE

Remember the sad story of Virginia Annable (SCORECARD, March 19)? She's the teacher from Brookhaven, N.Y. whose Volkswagen was stolen and abandoned to sink in then frozen Great South Bay. Her problems multiplied when the Army Corps of Engineers informed her that she was responsible for removing the sunken vehicle.

After aides of New York Senator Jacob Javits intervened on Annable's behalf, the Corps and the Coast Guard reluctantly agreed to dispose of the car themselves. Well, they said they looked but couldn't find it. So the local municipal authorities took over. After using a helicopter to locate the car, the Town of Brookhaven sent an amphibious vehicle with grappling hooks to haul it out of eight feet of water.

Because Annable had abandoned the car, it was taken to the town's landfill site. It cost about \$1,000 for the whole operation, and if someone wants the remains for scrap, Brookhaven would be happy to sell it for \$10. From monster of the deep to monster of the dump.

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Baseball trivia question: What right-handed pitcher at the University of Havana once wrote to Calvin Griffith asking for a tryout with the Washington Senators?

Hint: When Griffith's ace Latin-American scout, Joe Cambria, checked out the young prospect and wired back FORGET IT, the pitcher gave up on major league baseball and started a revolution.

THEY SAID IT

• Esa Tikkanen, Finland's top marathoner, asked why his country has produced so many standout distance runners: "Because back home it costs \$2.40 a gallon for gas."

• Bill Fitch, new Boston Celtics coach, on his experience as coach of the expansion Cleveland Cavaliers: "I once said coaching a first-year team was a religious experience. You do a lot of praying, but most of the time the answer is no." **END**

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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 19, 1979

BID THREE, DOWN ONE

It was a new deal in the Belmont when Coastal beat Spectacular Bid and the Triple Crown went by the boards

by **WILLIAM LEGGETT**



And so the last trick was taken by another horse. There would be no triple triple. History and the long, demanding stretch at Belmont Park had caught up with Spectacular Bid. With $\frac{3}{16}$ ths of a mile remaining in the Belmont Stakes last Saturday, he was leading, seemingly drawing away from his seven rivals. He was four lengths in front of 12-to-1 shot General Assembly and looking just as strong as he had while rattling off victories in 12 consecutive stakes races. Just 660 yards to go to the third Triple Crown in three years. But in the next $\frac{1}{16}$ th of a mile Spectacular Bid began to behave like a very fat man trying to run up a very steep hill. In the stretch curve he drifted out from the rail. His lead diminished. He was having trouble getting air into his lungs, and his legs seemed to desert him. With a furlong to go, he was a beaten horse, seconds away from joining the company of Pensive, Tim Tam, Carry Back, Northern

continued

With $\frac{1}{16}$ ths of a mile to go (left), Bid was leading but Coastal (9) was closing, passing General Assembly (2) and Golden Act before drawing clear for the win (right)

Dancer, Kauai King, Forward Pass, Majestic Prince and Canonero II—the band of Derby and Preakness winners that came a cropper at Belmont.

The winner, Coastal, was one of those lightly raced colts that periodically come out of old-line barns to waste Belmont pretenders. The steady Golden Act, spear-carrier-in-chief in the classic races, was second. Bid, who had been described by his trainer, Bud Delp, as the greatest horse ever to look through a bridle, was looking at the nearly four lengths of track between his nose and Coastal's as he finished third.

Did Bid's young jockey, Ron Franklin, ride the horse badly? Some of the jocks in the race and those watching from the sidelines asserted that he had, criticizing him for moving Bid to the front too soon.

Delp disagreed. "Ronnie rode him good," he said. "Maybe Bid's just not a mile-and-a-half horse. Ronnie rode the horse perfect. Exactly the way I would've rode him if I'd been on him. Bid was running easily. The horse just ran out of gas. I just don't think he ran his race. Heck, I thought the horse could go two miles. There are some exceptional horses that can't run a mile and a half. The best horse won the race, that's all."

Delp's 18-year-old son, Doug, had a different notion. He leaned against a limo outside of Bid's barn with his arms crossed and his eyes cast downward. "I

thought that if we had a great rider on him, he would have won," he said. "If we had a pro we might have won."

By Sunday morning, Bud Delp was back in Baltimore at his barn at Pimlico, where Bid had arrived by van. The colt, he said, may have been hurting a bit during the Belmont. He said he didn't disclose it immediately after the race because he didn't want his remarks construed as an excuse. Delp then said Bid had stepped on a safety pin from his protective bandages on race morning. "It went up about 1 1/4 inches and he was lame," he said. "I took the pin out and he bled a little, but he was walking O.K. I walked him for about 45 minutes and then jogged him a bit, and there was no sign of lameness."

Delp informed Bid's owners, Harry, Teresa and Tom Meyerhoff, of the mishap. "It was a nervous day for all of us," Delp said. "But when Bid didn't get worse, I decided to run him. I told Ronnie not to mention the thing to reporters after the race. As far as the running of the race goes, I don't have any complaints or excuses."

The first signs that Bid might be heading for trouble in the Belmont came the Monday before the race. On that murky morning a light mist had descended on the track, which had been drenched by three days of rain and resembled butterscotch pudding. Bud Delp seemed happy as Spectacular Bid came out to work a mile. During the early part of the work, Bid moved easily, but as the horse reached the quarter pole he began to labor, and exercise rider Robert Smith slapped away at him with the whip. Bid finished the mile in 1:39. "He needed this work," Delp said. "He got a little tired at the end."

In the next few hours other trainers analyzed that workout. John Nerud, the astute horseman who trained Gallant Fox for his upset of Bold Ruler in the 1957 Belmont, said, "I'll bet horses will come out of the woodwork to run. Instead of a small field there will be a big one. A mile in 1:39 doesn't impress anyone. Bid has had a long, tough campaign, a mile and a half is a new ball game. If there's a fresh horse around, he'll run."

Nerud was right. Although projected as a race among only Bid, Golden Act, General Assembly and Screen King,

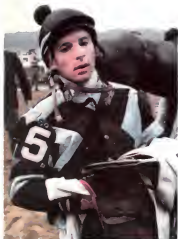
eight horses went to the post on Saturday. And if ever there was a fresh horse, it was Coastal. He had started only three times in 1979. To be sure, he had run against Bid last fall at Atlantic City and had been beaten by 17 lengths. Coastal, by Majestic Prince out of a Buckpasser mare, hadn't been nominated for the Belmont because it was felt he was developing so slowly that he wouldn't be ready. Thus Owner William Haggis Perry had to pay a supplemental entry fee of \$20,000. None of the 11 horses previously supplemented to the Belmont had won it.

But only Coastal looked a spoiler. All the other Belmont starters had had at least twice as many races this year, some even three times as many. In the past decade the fresh-horse stragglers had not worked, but in the '50s and '60s several horses that hadn't run in either the Derby or the Preakness came on to win the Belmont. Cavan won the 1958 Belmont when Tim Tam broke down, Quadrangle defeated heavily favored Northern Dancer in 1964 and Stage Door Johnny surprised Forward Pass in 1968.

To some, Coastal seemed to be in the race merely to make it more interesting for the bettors. Perry is a longtime owner and breeder and his young trainer, David Whitely, is a very conservative man, not known for asking his clients to supplement to races. But Coastal had been impressive in winning the Pacer Pan at Belmont some two weeks earlier and had been doing well in workouts. Still no one expected him to be the colt to prevent Bid from becoming the third straight Triple Crown winner, following Seattle Slew in 1977 and Affirmed in '78.

For the first quarter mile of the Belmont Jockey Ruben Hernandez had Coastal in fourth place. As Spectacular Bid headed into the stretch, Hernandez moved Coastal in along the rail and began his run. Bid's three-length lead disappeared quickly, and he was suddenly joined by Golden Act on the outside and Coastal on the inside. Coastal easily overtook Bid and coasted in by 3/4 lengths in 2:28 1/2, well above Secretariat's track record of 2:24 in 1973. Golden Act, third in the Derby and second in the Preakness, passed the flagging Bid a few strides before the wire, nipping him by a neck for second money, worth \$59,180. Coastal earned \$161,400 and Bid \$32,280.

Since February, Franklin had been able to take Spectacular Bid wide of his fields without ever enduring a hard fight



In a rocky week, Franklin brawled with Cordiero and was peeved after his losing Belmont ride

in the stretch. "I knew I couldn't go outside Spectacular Bid," Hernandez said later, "because I would be out far too wide. When the opening was there, I just shot through it."

The outcome of the Belmont didn't surprise Sandy Hawley, Golden Age's rider. "The campaign is so tough," Hawley said, "that you wonder how any horse can ever win the Triple Crown. Horses ship and work out and then have to go through three very tough races in five weeks. Coastal just flew by both of us. My horse was tired at the end of it and so was Spectacular Bid."

Franklin patiently endured a painful press conference after the race, answering every question, including those about a paternity suit recently filed against him. And he could hear the taunting voice of Jockey Angel Cordero (who finished seventh on General Assembly) over the jockey room P.A. system congratulating Hernandez and proclaiming, "I told you no horse is unbeatable. Every turkey has his Thanksgiving." The bad blood between Franklin and Cordero had been evident since February's Florida Derby, and it had erupted anew Wednesday in a jockeys'-room brawl. A bumping incident coming out of the gate for the fourth race led to the fight, which cost the riders \$250 each in fines.

Franklin stared straight ahead during Cordero's outburst Saturday and said, yes, he had had lower moments in his life: "After the Florida Derby, even though I won." Following that race, Bud Delp called his rider an "idiot" for his poor ride, and Franklin has been hearing variations on that theme ever since.

Immediately after the Belmont, as Franklin walked to the jockeys' room, he was booed. Several fans even threw rolled-up programs at him. Half an hour later, as he headed back to the barn to rejoin Delp and return to Baltimore, he said, laughing, "Don't nobody stay too close to me. I might get plucked off."

According to Delp, though, Franklin won't be plucked off Bid in his next start, probably the Jim Dandy in August at Saratoga. "Sure I'll keep Ronnie on him," Delp said. "It's his horse. The jockey can't carry the horse, the horse must carry the rider. If you're not prepared to lose in this business, you better get yourself into another profession. Spectacular Bid will win a lot more races before this year is over."

But probably none at 1½ miles. **END**

ONE FOR THE OLD SCHOOL



David Whiteley (right), Greenlee's meticulous trainer, exits with winning jockey Ruben Hernandez

David Whiteley broke away from the crowd around the winner's circle at Belmont Park and slipped off alone, to the outer rail of the racetrack near the finish line. Minutes earlier, the 34-year-old trainer had sent out Coastal to win the 111th running of the Belmont Stakes. Now the ceremonies had ended. At first simply stunned and then relieved that it was over, Whiteley was just beginning to feel the warming afterglow.

The feeling has become a familiar one over the last few months. No trainer has had the kind of fun David Whiteley has had this year. The \$269,000 Belmont was his sixth victory in \$100,000-plus races in 1979, an extraordinary achievement. Though he conditions a stable of 19 horses, he had sent only 38 starters to the post before Saturday's race, but together they had amassed earnings of \$750,405—a remarkable average of \$19,758 per start, more than twice the second-best average. Coastal's victory in the Belmont pushed the winnings of Whiteley's stable past the \$900,000 mark, putting the average above \$23,000. Until recently Coastal was regarded as a kind of second-stringer to his stablemate, Instrument Landing, the winner of the Wood Memorial and the trainer's chief hope for the Belmont until a sore hoof sidelined him. Whiteley is also in charge of the care and feeding of two of the best grass horses in America—Tiller and the gifted filly Ways.

Whiteley doesn't advertise himself, but you can't miss him. Wiry of build with gray-flecked, neatly combed hair, wearing spectacles and smoking cigarettes through a holder, he looks like the earnest young lawyer that he used to imagine he would one day be. He studied political science at George Washington University and the University of Maryland. "I had thoughts of being a lawyer at

one time," he says. Instead, he teamed up with his father, Hall of Fame trainer Frank Whiteley. David couldn't have had a better teacher. Frank developed the champions Danvers and Ruffian and brought the sore, aging Forego through two brilliant championship seasons. Frank's influence on his son is manifest. Both are self-effacing, almost shy. They keep to themselves and their friends and take their work seriously, spending long hours at the barn. They race their 2-year-olds sparingly and choose their spots with care. Very old school, they are, in that way, cautious and conservative. "Maybe too conservative sometimes," says David.

David is one of a small group of second-generation New York trainers bound by old friendships and similar backgrounds. Greentree Stable's Jack Gaver, the son of former Greentree Trainer John Gaver, is a friend. And so is John Veitch, son of Sylvester Veitch, former conditioner for C. V. Whitney and George D. Widener. Jack Gaver trains Bowl Game, while John Veitch trains Davona Dale and Alydar for Calumet. Veitch and Whiteley, who once roomed together on the backstretch, are close friends.

An hour after Coastal had won the Belmont, David glanced up the aisle of his shed and saw the car he had been waiting for. "Uh, oh," he said. "See that big new Jaguar that just pulled up? Now here he comes."

John Veitch stepped through the barn door, about 30 yards away, smiling and shaking his head in mock disbelief. "Boy," he called out, "if that doesn't go to show you that training horses is no trick!"

Then he laughed and walked over to Whiteley. "Well goddam done, David," he said. And then, to everyone: "It's a good thing he's got a smart father, isn't it?" —WILLIAM NACK

SMILE FOR THE BIRDIES

Guided by baseball's shrewdest manager, Earl Weaver, Baltimore is again a power in its division—a frugal power at that by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

When Baltimore Catcher Rick Dempsey was bumped from the starting lineup before last Friday night's game against Texas, he could have sulked and criticized the manager in traditional big league style. But no. Suddenly, there he was, standing atop the bullpen dugout some 400 feet from home plate in left-centerfield, waving a towel and leading cheers for his teammates on the field. Several times he brought the Oriole crowd of 47,539 to full cry. Dempsey, whose parents were in vaudeville, stole the show although he wasn't even at center stage.

Which is precisely what the Orioles have been doing in the American League East. While fans keep watching to see whether New York or Boston or maybe even dark horse Milwaukee will domi-

nate the division, it is the Orioles who have been in first place every day but one since May 18. At week's end they were a game ahead of Boston and 5½ up on the Yankees. Already the Birds have ripped off nine wins in a row—and 15 out of 16 in one stretch—and last week they won six of seven, while allowing only 13 runs. Says Dempsey, "We are a lot of no-names who have big talent."

Indeed, except for Jim Palmer (who missed his pitching turn last week because of minor tendinitis) and Shortstop Mark Belanger (who fractured a finger Sunday and will be out for three weeks), there is not another Baltimore player with a name worth dropping. "We're underrated because we're completely unknown," says Manager Earl Weaver.

The Orioles are a team with but three free agents, none in the superdollar category. Says Frank Robinson, the former Oriole star who is now a Baltimore coach, "We don't need free agents as long as we have good players." General Manager Hank Peters says candidly, "We can't afford them. We can't send a player a contract and say, 'Fill in the figures,' like some of these teams." Still, the Oriole player payroll has gone from \$1.1 million in 1971 to \$2.7 million this year, which means management is not exactly starving its flock.

"We're typical Baltimore people," says one team official. "We think small." But play tall. Coach Jim Frey says, "We're not trying to be respectable. We're trying to win more games than anybody else." Which is just what they have done. Over the last 22 seasons, Baltimore has more victories than any other team in baseball. During the last decade the Birds have won 951 games, Boston 891 and New York 883.

How?

Basically because of the astuteness of the front office and the genius of Weaver. In 10½ years as manager, the sage of Baltimore has directed the Orioles to five division titles, three American League pennants and one world championship, and he has planted more lima beans lifetime—he grows them in his garden—



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE

than any manager ever. He knows good players when he sees them, he can handle them when he gets them. Of the 25 players on the Oriole roster, 14 have come up through the club's farm system.

She dusts bases, buzzes ump, cheers fans



A mascot called the Bird gives rivals just star



Gary Roenicke dives headfirst across home plate to score in Baltimore's 4-3 win over the Rangers

Weaver may be mellowing, as some say; still, the volcano within erupts now and then. "He'll air a player out good," says one Oriole who has been aired out, "and then forget all about it. Of course, some of the players don't." A frequent target of Weaver's wrath is Dempsey, who says, "He puts us down and that makes us perform better to show him he's wrong. When you have been under the pressure of Earl Weaver, that's more pressure than other teams can put on you."

Ken Singleton adds, "Earl never lets you give up. Every year he gives us the same talk: 'If we play the way we should, we'll win.' For us, that means we have to play our maximum." The Birds tend to.

So does the front office. When the re-entry, or Son of Croesus, draft struck, the Orioles looked at their checkbook and knew they were in trouble. They considered holding on to Pitcher Wayne Garland—until Cleveland showered millions on him. They figured maybe a guy like Mike Flanagan, whom they had picked up in 1973 in that other free-agent draft, the one for collegians and sandlot guys and such, might be worth more in the long run. Be a lot cheaper, anyway. And, lo, Flanagan was 19-15 last year. This season his record is 7-4. The Orioles agonized but decided in 1976 that their superb second baseman, Bobby Grich, could be turned loose, on the assumption that Rich Dauer would take up

the slack. Last season Dauer made only one error while handling 433 chances.

When Brooks Robinson faded, young Doug DeCinces was, after a brief period of adjustment, ready, with Belanger perhaps on the slide, Kiko Garcia seems to be equal to the task of replacing him one day. On the other hand, the Orioles don't want to lose Palmer, and they pay him accordingly—about \$260,000 a year.

"My one problem is I've got too many good pitchers," says Weaver. With a straight face. That explains why he could remain calm, even affable, when Palmer flew off to L.A. last Thursday to have his elbow examined. Promising young Sammy Stewart once sat for 22 days before he was called on. Reliever Tim Stoddard has waited 15 days between stints.

The infield, with Eddie Murray at first (he hit 54 homers his first two years with the team, 1977-78), is very strong. The outfield is adequate. Leftfielder Gary Roenicke, who wears a face guard to protect a cut mouth that required 25 stitches and plastic surgery earlier this season, is fielding well and hitting .298. Al Bumbry, who broke his left leg and dislocated his left ankle a year ago, a disaster that sunk the Orioles, is back in center and hitting .281.

In rightfield is Singleton, perhaps the best player on the team. His arm has recovered from 1977 surgery that hampered his throwing last season. The one Oriole weakness could be at catcher; both

Dempsey and Dave Skaggs can throw well, but their hitting is so-so.

One night last weekend, after another win, the players were hovering over a crab feast in the clubhouse and DeCinces was explaining. "On this team we all need each other." True. On Thursday night Palmer was scratched, and Stewart promptly stepped up and pitched his first complete major league game. It was a two-hitter, and the Orioles beat Kansas City 3-1. On Friday night Flanagan emerged from a slump and went the distance, beating Texas 3-0. On Saturday night Roenicke scored a run on an all-out sprawling headfirst dive to the plate as Baltimore won 4-3. On Sunday, losing 4-2 in the ninth, the Orioles rallied for three runs to beat the Rangers and give Dennis Martinez his ninth victory.

It's a we team, not a me team. Ron Shapiro, a local sports attorney, recalls when Reggie Jackson was on the scene. "Observing Reggie was like observing an island," says Shapiro. "He just didn't tie in with the land around."

No one could ever say that about Dempsey—or the other Orioles. **END**

As Weaver departs, he has his usual final word





All week Young was ecstatic of the way things were going. She shot four straight rounds under par

SHE'S YOUNG AT HEART

And so she should be. The former Donna Caponi, a 15-year veteran, won the LPGA title by beating out an unflappable Minnesotan **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

To understand how long Donna Young has been playing golf, you have to know that when she joined the tour her name was Caponi and her nickname was "Watusi," for the wiggle she did when she played well. That was in 1965. Well, last Sunday Donna Young, née Caponi, was dancing again, only this time her moves had a disco beat.

Young won the Ladies Professional Golf Association championship, adding another major title to her two U.S. Women's Open crowns, with a final-round 70 over the Jack Nicklaus Golf Center course in Kings Island, Ohio, a suburb of Cincinnati. For her part, defending champion Nancy Lopez played as if she needed an introduction to her putter and finished with a 76 and a tie for 10th, the first tournament in her last four she hadn't won and the only one in her last nine in which she had wound up worse than second.

On a Sunday afternoon of gusting winds, rain and devious pin placements, Young was one of only four players to break par. In doing so, she broke out of a tie for the lead and broke the heart of Jerilyn Britz on the final nine holes. Until that stretch, the tournament had belonged to the unobtrusive Britz, a virtual unknown on the tour. Britz started off with a stunning 64 over the gently rolling course (par 36-36-72) on Thursday and led or shared the lead until the final round. The question of the week had been, "When will Britz fold?" But she never did. Young, who during one streak played 50 straight holes without a bogey, simply outmatched Britz' last-round 73—a satisfying end to a stylish event.

For years the LPGA tournament was one of the most forlorn major championships in sports, a sort of Elba Invitational. As recently as three years ago it was played on a dried-up public course for a purse of \$55,000. To be sure, along with a check for \$8,000, the winner also carved a niche in history, because the championship dated back to 1955. But as the players would say, that and a quarter would get you a pack of tees.

Oh, how things had changed by last week. There were record crowds, a perfectly groomed course, amenities like courtesy cars, parties and free chow in the clubhouse—and \$150,000 in prize money. The festivities included a black-tie dinner on Thursday night following

the tournament's first round, to honor past LPGA champions. Shirley Englehorn, the 1970 winner, was so pleased she lit up a cigar on the dais.

Nancy Lopez arrived late to the banquet. She had played the opening round in the last group, which meant she had to putt on greens as beat up as a hill-billy's screen door. And if tournament officials had made the pairings to prove they don't play favorites, they underscored the point by putting Lynn Adams and Alexandra Reinhardt, two non-winners who between them have earned a total of \$25,000 this season, with Lopez.

"I was getting more aggravated than anything," said Lopez after finishing the round, noting that she had hit only three greens in regulation and had three-putted three times while shooting a 73. That score doesn't sound so bad—until you reflect that it was only the fourth time in her last 24 rounds that she had been over par.

After the round, Lopez talked to the press, signed autographs and then went back to her motel and washed her hair. She drove the 30 miles to downtown Cincinnati for the dinner, arriving after everybody else had eaten. She dined on reheated chicken, downed the only glass of milk in the room and thanked every one for inviting her.

That sort of courtesy is one of the reasons why Lopez has become such a media star. Notebooks, tape recorders and questions followed her everywhere last week. Lopez also had a one-liner or two at the ready. When the press questioned her about the score of her Wednesday program partner, former President Gerald Ford, she said, "Better. He didn't hit anybody."

If Lopez was answering a lot of questions, Britz was causing a few to be asked, because hardly anyone had heard of her. She earned a shade under \$40,000 last season to rank 23rd among the money earners. That was her best showing since she joined the tour in 1974, a 31-year-old former school teacher who hadn't touched a golf club until she was 17. Britz grew up in Luverne, Minn., and after discovering golf became such a fanatic that she would play all winter, teeing up on mounds of snow and putting into holes bored in the ice.

Britz' opening round of 64 was a woman's course record, and her nine birdies equaled an LPGA record. Britz also had

a little bit of luck. At the 17th hole her drive hit a cart path and bounced so far she had only a short pitch to the green and four-foot putt for her final birdie.

While bountiful publicity is accorded Lopez, the rest of the players tend to move from event to event in a pall of obscurity. Few outsiders were aware last week that JoAnne Carner, one of the tour's longtime stars, had been injured in a motorcycle accident in May and had missed three straight tournaments because of strained tendons in her right wrist. And after Friday's round, in which Britz had a 72 to maintain her lead, among the contenders were two players who were all but strangers to the press. Shannon Johnson, whose best finish this year was a tie for 47th, was at three under par and tied for fourth place. Rookie Muffin Spencer-Devlin, whose best was a tie for 43rd, was one under par.

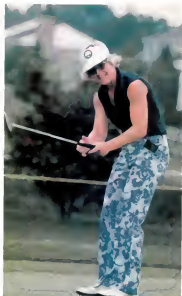
Spencer-Devlin is six feet tall and gregarious. "I'm just what the tour needs," the former model and actress told reporters. "I'm good-looking and I have presence. A lot of good-looking women don't have presence."

On Saturday, Johnson shot an 82 to drop back into the pack, while Spencer-Devlin had a discouraging 76. Some of the other early leaders were having troubles of their own. Joyce Kazmierski had moved into contention with a 69 on Friday, when she one-putted 10 times using a putter that bore the inscription *POUSSER POWER*. But before you could say John Paul II, she fell apart on Saturday, shooting a 79.

Meanwhile, Young, who had played rounds of 69 and 70, shot another 70 on Saturday and moved into a tie for the lead at 209, seven under, with a suddenly timid Britz, who had a 73.

The cheers up ahead from Lopez' gallery probably didn't help Britz. Lopez shot a 71 on Friday and then headed to the practice green to fiddle with her putting. After a few minutes, she said, "I've got it figured out," a pronouncement that was greeted with applause by her caddy, Roscoe Jones. On Saturday, Lopez made five birdies in a round of 69 that left her tied for sixth, but only four strokes behind Young and Britz. Announced an encouraged Lopez, "I feel like something is coming on."

Britz knew the feeling. Her four-stroke first-round lead was gone and now eight



Britz topped the leader board on all four days

other players were on the scent as well and within four strokes of Young and her.

Among them were 23-year-old Amy Alcott, who tied for the lead during the day before dropping a stroke behind, and Carner, who was popping aspirin and soaking her sore wrist in hot water. Carner had a 72 Saturday to move into third with Penny Pulz, two shots behind the leaders.

On Sunday, Carner and Pulz both blew to 77s, which left them part of a four-way tie for sixth, while Alcott had a 74 and found herself in third place.

While this went on, the Wasuki Kid was strolling around mumbling, "Concentration. Confidence. Composure."—injunctions her husband, Ken, had suggested to her on Saturday night. Whenever she faced a difficult shot, she said the magic words. It also helped that she was making putts from everywhere, including a 40-footer and a 25-footer. Every time the ball went in the hole, she said, the victory music got a little louder. She hit her drive on the 18th hole and, watching it, smiled and said: "Boogie on down there, ball. Boogie on down." **END**

JERRY IS NEVER BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL

Jerry Buss has always had a way with a chick, a cat and a buck. Now he'll have his way with the Lakers, Kings and Forum by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

It is the biggest financial transaction in sports history. It involves \$67.5 million paid for two major league teams, the Los Angeles Lakers and the Los Angeles Kings, and one of the nation's finest arenas, the 17,505-seat Forum. It includes, almost as an afterthought, a ranch in the California Sierras of 13,000 acres, about half the size of the city of San Francisco. The deal propels to center stage one of the most extraordinary entrepreneurs in sport—or in any other category of big dealing, for that matter.

He is Jerry Hatten Buss, 46, an amiable and intelligent Los Angeles multimillionaire who extravagantly admires, among other things, M & M candy, French existentialists, any and all USC football teams, any and all Playboy centerfold girls, rare coins, rare stamps, rare cars and rare bargains in real estate.

A man's books may not be a fair test of his personality, but Jerry Buss is a habitual reader and, thus, they are instructive if not definitive. Side by side on the same shelf in his office are *Panic & Crashes* and *How You Can Make Money out of Them*, Bruce Catton's *Grant Takes Command*, Irving Wallace's *The Nympho and Other Mannequins*, a textbook called *Chemical Calculations* and a slim volume titled *Baldness: Is It Necessary?* At home, Buss says, he is currently reading *Ilrod*.

His persona is an amalgam of Horatio Alger and Hugh Hefner: of sugar daddy, devoted father, accountant, real estate wheeler-dealer and aerospace scientist. Buss comes on in a manner that mixes cowboy swagger with movie star glamour, college professor smarts with pool hustler chic. He habitually wears a pair

of almost disgustingly shabby Levi's, a Western shirt open to reveal the gray hairs of his chest, and shiny black cowboy boots. His hair is silvery, long and curly at the nape of the neck, with a thick-woven thatch on top, which proves baldness is indeed not necessary. He is tall and handsome in a way that is vaguely mindful of a ravaged Robert Redford crossed with a slightly rejuvenated Ronald Reagan. His smile displays perfect teeth, which are every bit as white and well made as the \$127,500 Rolls-Royce Camargue he drives. He is, in a sense, the archetype of a certain breed of Bel Air millionaire—acquisitive, aggressive, restless, obsessed with good looks and rich in an assortment of playthings, playmates and possessions that ordinary men can only covet.

Yet Buss says he is a devotee of Camus and Sartre, and in his real estate office associates habitually call him Doctor Buss. This refers to a Ph.D. in physical chemistry that he earned at USC in 1957 at the age of 24. One of his doctoral dissertations was entitled "The Bond Dissociation Energy of Toluene," another, he says, dealt with "thermochemical prediction." For a brief time he taught chemistry at USC. But, he says, "Actually, I'm probably more of a mathematician than a chemist. To some people, numbers are as comfortable as words. They fascinate me, they're my passion. I'll notice the number of miles on the odometer of a friend's car, and I'll figure how much he drives. Then, maybe weeks later, I'll call him up and ask if I can go for a ride with him and watch while his odometer turns past 100,000 miles."

It wasn't the numbers on odometers that preoccupied Buss in recent weeks, however. The deal to buy the Lakers, the Kings and The Forum from the redoubtable Jack Kent Cooke was a complex and time-consuming project. Cooke and Buss first met three years ago when Buss rented The Forum in connection with his initial plunge into professional sports—the Los Angeles Strings of ill-fated World Team Tennis.

"We had all kinds of trouble at the L.A. Sports Arena," says Buss, "and Jack agreed to cut the usual rent way back at The Forum for us. It wasn't charity. He made money on the Strings. He also became a real mentor to me. He convinced me that superstars were worth the money they cost and, because of him, I got Ilie Nastase for the Strings and later

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LONG



Buss has a high regard for stylish construction. Background: The Forum, Foreground: Karen Deemel



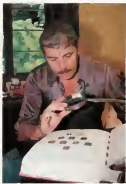
When not reading Census or Homer, multimillionaire Jerry Buss shoots a little pool or peruses his collections of rare coins and girls, girls



Buss fondly looks through his album of Lakers

Chris Evert. I think one reason he sold his teams to me is that he believes I will continue his legacy."

Cooke, 66, had come to Los Angeles in 1962 with a fortune earned in Canadian broadcasting and publishing. He bought the Lakers for the then exorbitant price of slightly more than \$5 million from Bob Short. In 1966 he launched the Kings franchise for \$2 million, and in 1967 he built The Forum for \$16 million. Cooke increased his fortune mightily by purchasing a large interest in



Valuable stamps abound in Jerry's scrapbook

Teleprompter and 86% of the ownership of the Washington Redskins. He was a consummate fan of his teams; at one point he said, "I'd like to attend an athletic contest every night—365 days a year—and see a team I own. It's a personal indulgence. Money ceases to be an object after a while."

Unfortunately, money became about the only object in Cooke's life during a messy and costly divorce proceeding, which finally ended in March. It had dragged on for 2½ years and had involved 41 lawyers and 12,000 pages of documents. Cooke ultimately gave his wife an estimated \$41 million—reportedly the largest divorce settlement in California history. Until the case was closed, Cooke's holdings were, in effect, frozen, but from the moment it was over he and Buss were huddling.

Buss had been interested in buying a major league franchise for years. As early as 1970 he considered purchasing the ABA's Los Angeles Stars. He once tried to trade half of his Ocotillo Lodge, a resort in Palm Springs, for a piece of the ABA's San Diego Conquistadors, and he has put out feelers about buying the Chicago White Sox and the Oakland A's. Except for the defunct Strings, Buss came up empty every time, until he and Cooke came to terms three weeks ago.

The deal is this: Buss and his partners will pay \$43.5 million for The Forum and the Raydon Ranch near Bakersfield. Buss, on his own, will pay \$24 million for the Lakers and Kings, and will own the teams personally. He and his partners will assume an approximate \$10 million mortgage on The Forum. Cooke has a choice of taking the remaining \$57.5 million in cash or \$20 million in cash and \$37.5 million in real estate, choosing his properties from a list drawn up by Buss' corporation, Mariani-Buss Associates. Cooke has a month or more to decide what form of payment to accept, but Buss says, "I would imagine he'll opt for a tax-free exchange and take the real estate. If he takes only cash, it could cost him an extra \$9 million or so in taxes."

The deal is considered closed for all practical purposes, although there remains the ritualistic matter of official approval from the NBA and NHL for Buss to own the teams. No problems are anticipated.

Just what kind of an owner will Jerry Buss be? He is a full-fledged, heart-on-his-sleeve sports fan when it comes to

his alma mater, USC, and he spends many sentimental hours recalling long-gone football games and track meets, reliving with almost misty eyes the broken-field runs of Jon Arnett and the 100-yard dashes of Mel Patton. Yet, when he talks about his newly acquired teams, Buss has no mist in his eyes, only dollar signs. "The Lakers are a good ordinary investment," he says, "nothing spectacular. In the past, they have probably averaged around \$500,000 a year in operational profits, and the franchise value has appreciated \$500,000 a year. You could get about the same return with high-quality bonds. However, if we get into some pay television there, that could add as much as \$2.5 million in profits."

And the Kings? Less good. "With the Kings, you have the all-important question: Can hockey ever be a West Coast sport? I don't think anyone knows the answer to that. The Kings definitely lose money every year. In their very best year they lost \$200,000. In the worst year they lost \$1.5 million. They average about \$700,000 a year in losses. However, in the first few operating years, the tax treatment would be such as to allow a break-even situation as regards cash flow. To make money steadily, the Kings have to sell another 3,000 season tickets. If they can, great. If not, I've made a bad deal."

And The Forum? "I like to buy real estate that can't be replaced. The Forum is like that—30 acres of commercial real estate in a very desirable location. If anyone tried to build a Forum today, they'd have to charge \$15,000 a night, not \$10,000. So it's effectively irreplaceable. It's rented now about 220 times a year. If we got that up to 260 times, we'd have a very profitable venture. Also, we're in a controlling position for all pay TV out of The Forum. We get a piece of it for any concerts or boxing matches or whatever. That could also help make it a very profitable venture."

Buss insists he will be a strong influence on both of his teams. He intends to have a "long talk" with the often-a-loaf Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Within days after his purchase of the club was announced, Buss may have solved a potentially nasty situation by arranging to keep former Laker Coach Bill Sharman as general manager and at the same time offering Jerry West a front-office job of equal rank that will enable him to gracefully give up his coaching duties, which he has grown to abhor. Buss was kept constant-

continued

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RONRICO: AUTHENTIC RUM OF PUERTO RICO.



General Wine & Spirits Co. N.Y.C. 80 proof

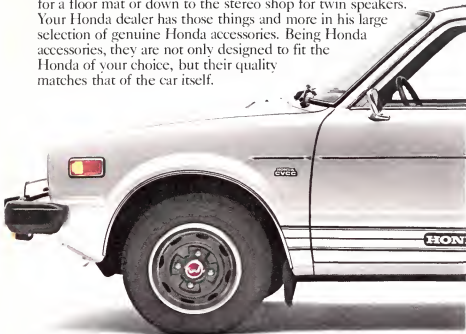
The Civilized Civic.

In most of our advertisements, we show the Honda Civic® without any optional accessories to show you how civilized it is.

After all, the Civic already comes with many standard features that other manufacturers might charge you extra for, if they offer them at all. Things like tinted glass, power brakes with front discs, trip odometer, and opening rear-quarter windows.

This ad is different. The Honda Civic CVCC® 5-Speed you see below is liberally adorned with Honda accessories. And the point we want to make is that there is virtually no end to the ways in which a Civic can be civilized.

But that doesn't mean you have to run over to the auto supply place for a floor mat or down to the stereo shop for twin speakers. Your Honda dealer has those things and more in his large selection of genuine Honda accessories. Being Honda accessories, they are not only designed to fit the Honda of your choice, but their quality matches that of the car itself.



Some of our most popular accessories include air conditioning, AM/FM stereo radio with 8-track player, tonneau cover, and a roof console that contains an electric clock, map spotlight, and interior floodlight.

And, as you can see on the Civic shown here, exterior accessories include front and rear bumper overrides, luggage rack, protective body side moldings, door edge guards, fender well trim, and body side decal striping.

We suggest you consult your Honda dealer for a complete list of custom-made Honda accessories. After all, while we continue to make it simple, we don't mind at all if you choose to make it fancy.

HONDA

We make it simple.





“Us Tareyton smokers would rather **light** than fight!”

Your present filter is only doing half the job, because it doesn't have Tareyton's activated charcoal filtration. There is no substitute for Tareyton lights flavor.



8mg. tar

9mg. tar

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Tareyton lights, 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Tareyton long lights, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ly informed by Cooke of the negotiations that resulted in the signing of Earvin (Magic) Johnson.

Jerry Buss grew up in Kemmerer, Wyo., where J. C. Penney opened his first store. Fittingly enough for a man who would eventually be worth \$50 million personally and be a partner in a real estate company with holdings of \$350 million, Buss became a compulsive Monopoly player. "I played so much Monopoly that my friends wouldn't even go near a game with me," he says. "I got so I'd play alone, using 20 or 30 tokens and making all the decisions for all of them by myself. I finally got so I could play entire games with imaginary players using only a pair of dice—no cards or tokens or money. I'd keep track in my head of everybody's moves and deals and how much money they had and which properties they owned."

Buss' home life was not entirely happy. His mother, an accountant, and father, a C.P.A. who taught statistics at Berkeley for a time, divorced when he was a baby. His mother remarried, and they lived in Los Angeles during World War II. His high school years were spent in Kemmerer; at one point he left home to live over a pool hall. He became so adept at pool that a high school teacher once banked him for a night of \$50-a-game competition. Buss won. "My secret ambition then was to be a gambler," he says. Instead, he decided to drop out of school and become a gaudy dancer on the Union Pacific. It was a brutal life. "There'd be two, three fights a day," he says. "It was pretty exciting for a 16-year-old kid. You'd never know what those guys would do. I kept my mouth shut most of the time."

Then he spotted an employment list in the local post office for civil service chemists, a job that paid a bit more than the railroad. Buss returned to high school, graduated and went to Laramie, where he worked the midnight to 8 a.m. shift as a chemist at the Bureau of Mines and attended the University of Wyoming during the day. He graduated with a degree in chemistry in 2½ years when he was only 19. So impressive were his grades that he was offered scholarships at Harvard, Michigan, Cal Tech and USC, among other schools. Buss picked USC "because of football and the weather," and got his master's and his Ph.D.

At first, Buss decided that he wanted to be a college professor. "But what a

shock. I had been making maybe \$500 a month at odd jobs while going to school—and teaching paid \$550. I finally got \$750 a month at USC. It was O.K. for a while, but I finally decided to go East for a change."

Buss got a job with Arthur D. Little, a Boston business consulting firm. He was employed there for a year as a trouble-shooter working the snags out of a TV-set production line, solving problems in steel-beam construction and eliminating confusion over how to distribute Sears Roebuck catalogs. "This was all strictly a matter of kinetic equations and logic," he says. "The work appealed to me, but I'm strictly a Californian and I didn't want to stay in Boston." Back in Los Angeles, he went to work in the missile division of McDonnell Douglas and then quit ("We never talked about anything but weapons and war") and took a position at a space laboratory for a time. But the regimentation and enforced uniformity of the aerospace industry irked him. "I'd turn my head," he says, "and all I could see were 500 desks, 500 white shirts and 500 different-colored neckties—which was the only way to distinguish us. We were a herd of very educated cattle."

In 1959 Buss and a fellow employee, chemical engineer Frank Mariani (who is still his partner), pooled some money to buy a small apartment house in West Los Angeles, then another and another until, in July of 1962, Buss quit the world of science for good and went into real estate full time. Mariani followed a bit later. Their corporation deals mostly in residential buildings, but also owns three hotels.

Buss' firm prospered and he became very rich—rich enough to indulge himself in just about any whim. He goes to almost every USC football game—home and away. He is a candy fiend; his office is laden with jars, jugs and dishes of M & M's and other chocolates. He began collecting stamps as a boy in Wyoming and now keeps his albums in a bank vault. As Buss turns the pages, he murmurs, "That's \$250,000 worth on that page, about \$150,000 on this one, damn near \$100,000 here..." He also has what he calls the three rarest U.S. coins extant, which together are worth about \$800,000: a 1913 Liberty Head nickel ("This is from King Farouk's collection"), an 1804 first-run silver dollar ("There were

two million made, only six are known to exist") and an 1894 "S" dime.

As for cars, Buss now owns only the Rolls-Royce Camargue, but he once had a Jaguar XKE, a Lamborghini, a Maserati Bora and a Ferrari Daytona. "I guess the cars thing came from the fact that I never had an automobile in Wyoming," he says. "If I asked a girl to a dance, we'd have to walk—and 10-below weather is tough on corsages."

No one walks when Buss asks girls to go dancing these days. He dates them by the dozen. "When I have time, I date one for lunch and another for dinner every day," he says. Indeed, just as he is ready to show anyone his stamp and coin collections, so is he quick to offer a look at his girl collection. He brings out a thick photo album, which he pages through fondly, pointing at the pictures of myriad gorgeous young women. He muses aloud, page after page. "She was Miss something or other.... This one is a model, what a beautiful woman.... This one is a Ram cheerleader.... This was a Playboy foldout.... This is possibly the most striking girl I've ever seen...." When the last page in the photo album is turned, Buss pulls out a shoe box filled with perhaps hundreds of snapshots of other young women he has gone out with. "... This one was a foldout.... This one is an actress.... This one models bathing suits.... Rams cheerleader.... A foldout...."

Buss is obviously a man-about-town, but he insists that he doesn't seek—or enjoy—celebrity status. "I don't like the tinsel part of this town," he says. He is still close to his four children by his former marriage. They visit him often in his Bel Air mansion, and he says, "They're the most important thing in my life." Yet there is that aura of conspicuous consumption about Buss that seems to generate its own tinsel. Until now, as a mere real estate magnate and owner of a defunct tennis team that lost him \$2.5 million, he has kept a fairly low profile out of choice—both his and the public's. Now, however, as the new owner of not one but two big league teams as well as an arena where he hopes to promote super-spectaculars, such as a heavyweight championship fight, he is going to be a highly visible public property around Los Angeles.

It's hard to imagine a place and a personality better suited to each other. It's also hard to see when Dr. Buss will have time to finish the *fiad*

IT'S BEEN STEP BY PRECISE STEP

Logic and order are the cornerstones of Edwin Moses' life, and of his utter dominance of the 400-meter hurdles

by RICK TELANDER

In the fall of 1975, while a junior at Morehouse College in Atlanta, Edwin Moses pored over a pre-Olympic track brochure. A promising quarter-miler with, as he puts it, "a minor in hurdles," Moses was looking for the right direction to take as he planned his athletic future.

"In the 110-meter hurdles I saw names like Willie Davenport, Tom Hill, Larry Shipp, Charles Foster—proven world-class men," he says in his deep, even voice. "It was the same thing in the 400 meters—Herman Frazier, Maxie Parks, Fred Newhouse. It was all very logical. If I was going to make the U.S. Olympic team, I had to move into a different race, something like the intermediate hurdles."

Logic has always had a major role in Moses' life, both on and off the track. A self-described "analytic, practical" person, he earned a degree in physics at Morehouse. After graduation in 1978 he took his present job as an associate engineer with General Dynamics in Pomona, Calif., primarily because the climate offered a "more reasonable" training environment. Moses believes in analyzing motion down to its essence, and he believes in order. During races he wears a wristwatch accurate to hundredths of a second so he knows "what time it is."

On March 27, 1976, after just six orderly weeks of practice, Moses won the 400-meter intermediate hurdles at the Florida Relays in 50.1. The time was good enough to qualify him for the Olympic Trials. Four weeks later he turned a 49.8 at the Penn Relays. Two weeks after that, at the Tom Black Classic in Knoxville, Tenn., he was clocked in 48.9, establishing himself as one of the fastest 400-meter hurdlers in the world.

Then, on July 25, at the Montreal Olympics, he sprinted away from the field, winning a gold medal and beating U.S. teammate and silver medalist Mike Shine by nearly 10 meters. His time of 47.64 was .18 of a second under John Akili-Bua's four-year-old world record.

Just four months after running his second 400-hurdles race—he had once reluctantly entered the intermediates in 1975 and did "53 something"—Moses abruptly had become the best in the world. It is difficult to explain such ascendancy logically.

"I know I made it all look too easy," he says now, giving one of his frequent, darkly ironic chuckles. "And that has been a large part of the problem." The problem?

There has been a vague dissatisfaction in Moses' life ever since Montreal. To put it simply, he feels that he deserves more recognition for his achievements. "You know," he says, "I was the only Olympic individual track gold medalist for the U.S. in 1976, and I'm one of this country's two active world-record holders. I should have a little recognition, shouldn't I?"

To many observers, it would appear he has got some: *Track & Field News'* U.S. Athlete of the Year in 1977 and 1978; cited for Performance of the Year in 1977, when he lowered his world record to 47.45 at the AAU championships; runner-up in the 1977 Sullivan Award voting. But having been 1977 World Cup champion, possessing nine of the world's 11 best 400-hurdles times and being the world's top-ranked intermediate hurdler for three consecutive years, Moses feels there should be more. For instance, he wouldn't have minded winning that Sullivan Award, an honor the recipient, swimmer John Naber, has said Moses probably deserved. And he wouldn't mind having more in-depth articles written about him in magazines and newspapers. And he could stand a little radio and TV time.

Of course, such egocentric concerns have not endeared the generally affable Moses to the press. Adjectives like angry, sullen and difficult frequently pop up in front of his name. "I guess you could say I'm on the writers' endangered species list," he says, with that chuckle again. *Track & Field News* Features Editor Jon Hendershott went so far as to write a piece called "An Open Letter to Edwin Moses" in the January 1979 issue. "Dear Ed," the article began. "Naturally, you want recognition and appreciation for all the hours of hard, lonely training you had to put in so you could go from being nobody to being Olympic champ and world-record holder. . . . Who wouldn't want some rewards for such efforts? But remember, Ed, that you may never be a true hero in this country. Track just isn't a



Thirteen steps—always, all the way. That's how Moses has lowered the world record to 47.45.

big sport. This is a nation of pros."

Well, that's another thing that bothers Moses.

"A lot of people make a lot of money off track, but it's not the U.S. athletes," he says, echoing a shopworn amateur's lament. "I went completely broke training for the '76 Olympics. I had to beg gas money just so I could get to the track. And it's like that for a lot of us. Arnie Robinson, the gold-medal winner in the long jump, worked on a garbage truck while training. James Butts, who won the silver medal in the triple jump, had to work two full-time jobs because his mother was sick. The only time he could train was at 5 a.m. Those things aren't right. Track athletes should be able to train with dignity.

"Nobody wants to get rich. But realistically, well, I don't see why I shouldn't have a \$400,000 contract to run in 20 meets—the kind of money Julius Erving gets. I mean, this may be the only thing I can do well in my whole life."

Moses realizes that with this money talk, he's pushing logic to its irrational end. But he enjoys the game. With Robinson, he has sent out brochures to 120 U.S. businesses asking for their sponsorship of Olympic-caliber athletes. Only one responded positively.

Moses' real source of discontent, though, is far simpler than the pursuit of money or what he calls the "whore-pimp concept" of amateur athletics: he is just too good. He has no competition. He is bored. He does make it look too easy. Since the Olympics, he has lost only once. He wins some races by 20 meters.

"I don't even think about winning anymore," he says with a shrug. "When I was in Europe last summer, I was racing against the same guys again and again. After a while I knew they weren't going to break 49 seconds. And I have to consciously slow down to run over 49. What can I say?"

"He's one of a kind," says James King, the seventh-ranked intermediate hurdler in the U.S. and a man clearly in awe of Moses. "He can't get pushed. And that's very tough for anybody." Indeed, in each of his world-record races, Moses has run virtually alone, something few record holders in any event can claim.

The intermediate hurdles has never

continued



HOW MOSSES continued

been a top-billed event—another part of Moses' recognition problem. People still view the race as something of a sideshow—a bastardization of two "normal" races, the 110-meter highs and the 400-meter dash. Great athletes have rarely flocked to the race. In *A World History of Track and Field Athletics, 1864-1964*, R. L. Quercetani points out that early runners avoided the event as being "too uncomfortable and fatiguing, if not

altogether lethal ('the man-killer event')." And now with Moses' prolonged dominance, the race suffers from a lack of competitiveness. Next week at the AAU championships Moses will face a field in which no runner has come within 1:03 seconds of his world record. "That's why the intermediates are always the first event," he says. "So they can get the hurdles off the track and start the meet."

If that sounds a bit peevish coming from a healthy, talented 23-year-old who has scarcely known defeat, Moses would like the public to know he's not really bitter. "I realize that whenever I bitch about something, it only compounds the problem," he says. "What I say reads bitter, I guess, but it doesn't sound bitter. The feeling's not there. If people heard me talk they'd know what I mean."

At 8:30 one recent Thursday morning, the track at Mt. San Antonio College in Walnut, Calif., the site of the AAU championships, is vacant except for a single long-limbed figure performing strange hopping exercises. Moses has no coach, no running partners, no trainer, no wife, no fan club, no pushy girl friends or relatives. "I don't need anybody," he says. He devises his own workouts, and lately he has added some stretching moves taken from various Oriental martial-arts disciplines. The hops, he explains, keep his knees loose.

Moses looks at his ever-present watch and times his pulse. He mentions that he has studied video tapes of his Olympic race and has counted a total of at least .8 of a second worth of mistakes. "I was raggedy, real raggedy at Montreal," he says. "My arms came away from my sides; some of my leg follow-throughs were bad. I'm still learning this race." His goals now are to win the intermediates at the World Cup in August, to win a gold medal at the Moscow Olympics and to drop his world record below 47.0. "I could run 46.5 with somebody pushing me," he adds. "But even if they don't, if I get into my pattern and execute properly, the time will take care of itself."

Unlike the sprints or the flat 400, the intermediate hurdles is a race that requires a precise pattern. Even minor mistakes tend to be compounded, so that by the 10th, and final, hurdle many competitors find themselves hopelessly, sometimes painfully, out of sync.

Moses cleans his prescription sunglasses, the ones that give him a malevolent

look in photos and that of late have been occasionally replaced by contact lenses, and points to the far turn of the track. "That's where runners start to lose it, on the sixth hurdle," he says. "The first five are nothing, really, because you're not fatigued yet. The far turn is the Twilight Zone." To build his endurance Moses runs cross-country. As a result he has strength as well as natural speed—he has been caught in 44.1 for a leg of a 4 x 400 relay—to run his race without the hesitations that plague lesser hurdlers.

He begins loping down the track, still in his sweats, taking slow, gigantic, high-rising strides—another martial-arts exercise, one suspects. He has placed only the last five hurdles on the track, and he clears these effortlessly, still in stride, like a man jumping over a series of teacups. Only when Moses crosses the finish line does one realize how quickly he has gotten from here back to here—"50.5," he says, consulting his watch. A few minutes later he runs another lap in the identical time.

But this is no exotic exercise; it is Moses' regular hurdle pattern, these odd, bounding, unvarying 9' 9" strides. In fact, his ability to take precisely 13 steps between each pair of hurdles is the key to his success. Most good intermediate hurdlers, such as James Walker of Auburn and Harald Schmid of West Germany, take 13 to 15 strides. Glenn Davis, the 1956 and 1960 Olympic champion, began his career taking 13 strides through



the first six hurdles and 17 the rest of the way. Later he set a world record with 15 all the way. Some hurdlers have no set pattern and simply lapse into chaos when fatigue sets in. Moses is the only world-class hurdler ever to use 13 steps the whole race.

Amazingly, he is now talking about taking only 12 strides. "Actually, 13 makes me run tight," he says. "Twelve steps means using about a 10' 3" stride, which I can do. I already did 12 steps in a meet once, by mistake." He gives his dark chuckle. "But nobody noticed."

On a recent visit to Disneyland, just down the road from his apartment in Fullerton, Moses settled into a small cart with an acquaintance to take a ride through The Haunted Mansion. The lights went out, a ghostly voice issued forth, the car's safety bar closed automatically and Moses screamed. The ghost hadn't terrified him; his knees had been smashed by the safety bar. Indeed, Edwin's disproportionately long legs—at 37" they constitute more than half his 6' 1¼" height—are another reason for his transcendent excellence in his event. His natural stride carries him easily over the 36" hurdles. "I guess I have about the perfect body for my race," he says.

Most observers agree that the only person who could now give Moses a serious test in the intermediates is the 110-meter high-hurdles world-record holder, Renaldo Nehemiah. Nehemiah himself has given no indication that he's inter-

ested, but he has run a 44.3 400-meter leg in a relay. The thought of the two swift, long-legged runners going head-to-head is tantalizing.

For his part, Moses has done quite well in the 110-meter highs and the 400 meters, when he has chosen to run them. In 1977 he was ranked 14th and 15th in the world, respectively, in those events, in addition to being No. 1 in the intermediates, thereby becoming the only athlete ever to be ranked in the top 15 in those three events.

Back in Dayton, where he grew up as the second of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Moses' three sons, Moses excelled at all sports. He was an all-star catcher in Little League; a rough, if skinny, defensive back in high school football; a flashy guard in basketball. A remarkable leaper, he could dunk when he was only 5' 8". Today he can kick a basketball rim with his foot. "In high school, Shades [as Moses was then known] could come down and slam on you as easy as the Doctor," recalls Winston Lindsey, a fellow student at Fairview High and now a hurdler at Long Beach State.

At Fairview, Moses soon concentrated on track because of difficulties with coaches in the other sports. "I always felt so frustrated having somebody else make a judgment about my talent," he says. "But in track, if you can beat everybody to the tape, nobody can dispute you."

Both of Moses' parents are educators—Irving is an elementary school principal, Gladys is a curriculum supervisor for the Dayton public school system—and the Moses household has always been filled with books. In a rare twist to the usual superstar story, Edwin began serious reading long before he began serious training. At age seven he started in on a multivolume children's encyclopedia and continued till he reached Z.

In grade school he built volcanoes, dissected frogs, collected fossils, launched homemade rockets. As a treat, he was allowed to go to school every summer for extra courses in math and science. "I hung out at the playground like the rest of the kids," he says, "but I did a lot of academic hanging out, too."

After high school Edwin attended tiny (enrollment 1,650) Morehouse on an academic scholarship. He chose the predominantly black school because of its high academic rating and prestige—its alumni include Dr. Martin Luther King

continued



Jr., Julian Bond and Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson. But there is little in the way of athletic tradition at Morehouse, and Moses had to drive off campus to get to a practice track. "It wasn't a problem, though," he says. "Morehouse was such a historical place. It was like going to Harvard."

The learning process hasn't stopped with his move to California. While driving his 1966 Plymouth to a recent practice, Moses spotted a three-foot-long king snake by the side of the road. Backing up carefully, he stopped next to the snake and watched as it glided across the hot pavement. Edwin said nothing, but his eyes focused sharply, his brow furrowed and something—perhaps the slip angle of the snake's slithering progress across the highway—was analyzed and stored.

Far from being idle, eggheaded theorizing, Moses' physics training has a direct application to his running. "I'm constantly making adjustments because of my knowledge of physics," he says. "Coaches, for instance, tell me I have too much backkick. But I know that the tighter the angle between the calf and the thigh, the less angular momentum. You need to get the leg forward, I've given seminars on this. With some high-speed cameras and all the angles measured, I think I could write out formulas to explain the whole thing."

Moses seems self-contained—a hurdling automaton—and there are those who think this could be debilitating, who believe such self-reliance is dangerous. Dick Hill, the track coach at San Diego State and a hurdling authority, is one of those critics.

"Edwin is unique in his maturity," he says. "He is a smooth-flowing machine. But you have to wonder what he'd be like if all of a sudden there's a guy with him on the eighth hurdle. Who knows, he might run 46 or he might tie up. An individual without a coach is totally in charge of

his destiny. I'm just a firm believer that everybody needs someone."

Moses shakes his head. He's thought about this a lot. "Coaches and track clubs have nothing to offer me," he says. "This is like a hobby. You don't have to share a hobby with somebody else."

At the Mt. San Antonio Relays on a sunny Saturday afternoon in April, Moses sits alone in the shade. The meet is something of a homecoming for him because he hasn't run in a major American meet in nearly two years, since his world-record performance at the '77 AAUs. Various illnesses and a lingering defiance have kept him away.

He left his apartment in good spirits. But now, as his race approaches, he becomes quiet and remote. The apartment itself is stark, nearly without furnishings; it is the dwelling of someone in transit, a rambling man.

The announcer introduces Moses and abruptly he changes. He smokes. He walks up the track, waving to the people in the stands. He will be cool—he wears one gold and two leather necklaces and a copper bracelet, as well as his watch, when he runs—but he loves crowds. He cherishes the remembrance of the 5,000 fans who showed up in Taiwan to see him, and him alone, work out.

At the gun he is off, a full sprint to the first hurdle, then the bounding, grace-

ful, relentless 13s. He kicks the eighth hurdle with his trailing knee and reopens a small cut, but no one is close. His time of 48.50 is a meet record.

Later in the stands, dressed in his street clothes, Moses chats with Bob Beamon, who is now track coach at U.S. International University. Beamon's world-record long jump of 29' 2½" at the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City was awesome, perhaps the greatest proportionate extension of a record ever.

Moses was expansive and cheerful after his race, but now that the reporters are gone and no one recognizes him, he seems less open, bothered again. "There are even some people talking about taking away Bob's record because it was done at too high an altitude," he says to an acquaintance. "I mean, it's supposed to be a world record, right? And he did it on this world, didn't he?"

Moses' trust in logic forces him to see many of the world's quirks as problems to be solved, barriers that can and should be hurdled. "I walk down the street and see things a certain height and want to go over them," he says. In street clothes he often breaks away from companions to hurdle garbage cans, stumps, park benches.

In many ways Moses is a man alone. Beamon was alone when he went 29' 2½". But he was humbled by what he'd done, dropping to his knees and covering his face with his hands. Moses is different.

"I guess being the best at something should be its own reward," Moses says, steering his old car back onto the freeway. "But it's funny how sometimes you don't see things the way everybody else does. It's hard looking from a lighted house into the darkness." Cars whiz past in the other direction, each bearing a lone, expressionless Californian. The meet is miles behind. "I hardly ever think about how good I really am," he says. **END**

By hanging out academically and athletically, Moses became a physicist with a world record





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In the last decade or so, Orville Moody's life has been a catalog of calamity and bizarre occurrence. Among other things he lost his life savings in a business venture, escaped from a burning house, employed a caddie who routinely waded through water hazards, and had one of his golfing pay checks snatched away by an insurance company. He endured two divorces, a burglary and chronic sniffles. He also won the U.S. Open, which might have been the worst misfortune of all.

They're playing the 1979 Open this week, at Toledo, which brings up another point of woe. Moody's not there. His exemption has expired, and he failed to qualify—by one stroke. A man of middle age with hay fever, a hitch in his cross-handed putting stroke and no financial backer—someone like this doesn't even belong on the tour. But at 45, Orville Moody is out there, traveling in a trailer occupied by his present wife, three children and the family dog, worrying about the scarcity of gasoline and the abundance of downhill putts.

It was 10 years ago, a short time after he came out of the Army as a staff sergeant, that Moody won the Open at the Champions Golf Club in Houston with a downhill 14-inch putt that toppled into the cup on a nudge and a prayer. Later, people thought he was crying from happiness. In truth, it was the damn hay fever.

After that, things were never the same for Moody, who was, and is, a nice, uncomplicated man without a shred of pretense. He signed on with a flamboyant business manager who wanted him to wear red-white-and-blue outfits every

continued



Cross-handed and understandably worried, Moody practices the art that can't be learned

THE PUTTER GOD FORGOT

Orville Moody, the 1969 U.S. Open champion, gamely plays on despite that Judas club and a decade of unbelievable frustration

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

day to capitalize on his 14½ years in the Army. His symbol was to be the American eagle. The manager predicted that Moody would make \$1 million in five years. An Orville Moody line of golf clubs was surely just down the fairway. He played golf with Bob Hope. *The Tonight Show* called. He did television commercials. Orville Cleve Moody, a part-Cherokee Indian from the sand greens of Chickasha, Okla., the last of 10 children, a Depression baby, was getting the hero treatment. At the old golf course where he played barefoot as a kid, someone tacked a sign on a tree: ORVILLE MOODY SLEPT HERE. The new champion said confidently, "I'm going to sit back and let the money roll in."

That same year he won the World Series of Golf and was the PGA's Player of the Year. "He was the best shotmaker in the world at the time," says Deane Beman, now commissioner of the pro golf tour. And so the contingency plans he had made to return to the security of the Army, in case he didn't make it on the tour, were forgotten. If only he hadn't won the Open! As Moody sums it up: "When I was in the Army I never had any heartaches at all. And after I won the Open I had quite a few."

Although he holds a lifetime exemption from qualifying for PGA tournaments because of his Open victory,

Moody was playing so infrequently a few years ago that he needed a special dispensation just to remain on the tour. From 1974 through 1976 he earned less than \$19,000. Last year he missed the cut in his first seven tournaments. Once he enjoyed the company of the captains of industry, his autographed pictures hung in places of honor in their homes. Now the photographs are mostly stashed away in attics and Moody is grateful for the \$100 a cap manufacturer gives him whenever he appears on television. One of the few contracts he has now brings him a modest fee for representing the Concord Hotel in the Catskills.

The great ugly tlaproot of Moody's dilemma is that he can do everything with a putter except putt with it. He can use the club on the tee and hit the ball 230 yards. He can blast out of sand traps with it. But he can't putt with it. The week he won the Open he was the 35th-best putter at Champions. And he knew it. Even in the best of times, he understood that disaster lurked behind every blade of bent grass.

Thus he was never quite comfortable wearing the glittering cloak of celebrity. It takes confidence to be a star, and Moody, dough-faced and pudgy, didn't look confident and didn't feel confident. Bob Hope once quipped that Moody was on the tour for two years before he stopped

saluting his caddie. To putt well, you have to be brash and bold. A putting style that says, "Yes, sir!" is in real trouble. Moody's putter is so timid it stutters.

Watching him on the green is a wrenching experience. He has the air of a man facing the guillotine. He squats nervously over the ball, gripping the club cross-handed. Just before he draws the club back his right leg undergoes a series of involuntary tremors, and the putter jerks. As the club comes into the ball, Moody's entire body sways forward. Some pros claim to have seen his putter stub the ground behind the ball and bounce almost completely over it. In his grip, stroke and demeanor, Moody violates every accepted rule of good putting, but it's the only way he knows. He explains that as a young boy he had a brief siege of Saint Vitus' dance, which "probably damaged something." Even now his handwriting is tremulous.

Every so often one sees a newspaper picture of a pro golfer kissing his putter. Moody never kisses his. The implement he used to use had a pointer on top to help line things up. A player who putts well, it is said, can putt with anything. A bad putter tries gimmicks.

It is a paradox of sport that sometimes an act that looks difficult and complex, like the golf swing off the tee, actually can be learned, while one that seems elementary, such as putting, cannot. Apparently, people either putt well or they don't. Lee Trevino and other master putters have worked with Moody on the practice green, but to no avail.

On a recent spring evening Moody and his third wife, Beverly, a former waitress he met and married 6½ years ago, are having dinner at a steak-and-ale restaurant not far from the home they rent in Plano, Texas, a suburb of Dallas. It is the best restaurant in Plano; usually they prefer to go to a Mexican place that serves all you can eat for \$2.89.

The day before Moody had missed the cut in the Byron Nelson tournament. The nature of Moody's life is such that while this week he would earn nothing, the week before he tied for third in the Houston Open and took home \$14,400, his biggest check since 1973. Last year Moody earned \$44,204 on the tour. This season he has made \$34,931 and is 65th on the money list. In Houston a fan had whooped and hollered after Moody's shots. He was asked why. "Because I'm

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARRY MILLAN



In the travel trailer they use on the tour, Beverly fixes dinner for Orville and their three kids



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short and fat and want to root for someone just like me," the man replied.

Moody quit the tour in 1974 to operate a public course in a suburb of Denver. That venture cost him \$200,000, 1½ years of his life and a lot of worry. The problem was simple. The course meandered through the backyards of a subdivision. On every hole there were out-of-bounds markers. A dog bit players, and children took over fairways for football practice. Once Moody ejected an interloper hitting the second tee—he turned out to have a list of people he planned to shoot. Moody's name was second on the list. Even then he was a runner-up.

In the Plano restaurant, it is a wonder he has any appetite for food. His debts have been such that a lawyer once advised him to declare bankruptcy. On the tour in Florida this spring, before he switched to a travel trailer, he holed up in motels where he had to pay a deposit before making a long-distance phone call. In the Moody home in Plano the dining

room is completely bare. Almost all of the family's belongings, including a couple of gold-embroidered gowns given to Beverly by the King of Morocco, were lost in a fire that swept through their house in Lago Vista, Texas at 4 a.m. in March of 1977. A smoke alarm given to the Moodys by Beverly's mother probably saved their lives. Moody drove off to call the fire department. When a fire truck arrived, it broke down. The house was destroyed, but there was one consolation: no jewelry was lost. It was in hook.

Moody figures the fire cost him about \$50,000 over the insurance coverage. He has made sizable loans that have never been paid back. Some \$1,200 worth of belongings has been stolen from his van. A house occupied by his former wife, Doris, was ravaged in another fire. He had transferred the title to her but the insurance was still in his name, which led to a legal hassle. At last year's Byron Nelson, he was only a shot behind with seven holes to go, but he played the final holes

in a stumbling five over par. It was then that the insurance company took his \$3,000 pay check.

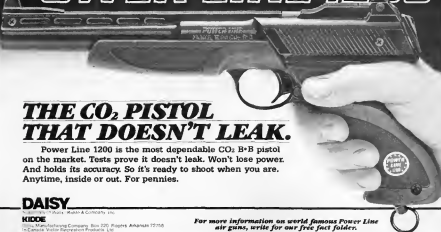
Moody takes a sip of a soft drink. He is talking about heavyweight fighter Ron Lyle. He had watched Lyle fight on television that afternoon and listened to a description of his arrests, incarcerations and general ill-fortune. "This guy's had more bad luck than me," he says, a bit amazed. A few hours earlier, two of Moody's children had had to make separate trips to the hospital—Jason, who is four, to be treated for an infection he developed after being stung by a bee; Kelley, who is five, to have a tetanus shot after stepping on a nail.

When the waitress takes the dinner orders, Moody says something complimentary to her. Beverly whispers, "He likes to kid those girls. Our children are always coming home and telling me, 'Mom, dad's been beepin' at the girls again.'" Though he has a mumpish face, a gap between his teeth and a receding hairline, women are attracted to him. When

continued

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Beverly first encountered him, she called her mother and said, "I've just met the nicest man!"

The one deal that was really going to put Moody on easy street after he won the Open involved stocking hundreds of Army PXs around the world with a line of Orville Moody golf clubs and clothing. But as the flavor of Moody's triumph at Houston faded, this and other prospective ventures dried up. Moody survived like a cactus, which is to say, not lushly. "The public," he says, "has a short memory."

Two occurrences years ago convinced him that the tour wasn't going to make him rich. He missed a short putt on the last hole at the Crosby Pro-Am in 1973 that cost him the tournament. The putt dropped him into a three-way tie for first with Jack Nicklaus and Raymond Floyd. Nicklaus won the playoff. Then there was a round he played with Johnny Miller. That day Moody's approach shots nestled inside Miller's 13 times, but Miller shot a 70 while Moody had a 73. Afterward, Moody was distressed to hear Miller complaining about his putting.

Golf fans who take the time to look Moody up find him matter-of-fact and approachable. They banter with him in a mocking style they never would dare use with a big star. (Moody himself looks up enthralled when Arnold Palmer's jet passes overhead.) He has Palmer's autograph. It is on a 1969 U.S. Open program a friend gave him as a memento of his own victory.

This year Moody approached Tom Place, the PGA's public information director, and suggested that it wasn't quite accurate to list him as playing out of Dallas.

"Tom, start reggsterin' me out of plain ol' Texas," said Moody.

"Sure, Orville. Where in Texas?"

"Plain ol' Texas," said Moody.

"But where in Texas?"

"Plain ol' P-L-A-N-O."

Plain ol' Orville's penchant for treating everyone fairly and with compassion may have hurt him during his early years on tour. His caddie then was Bob Zerbe, who had been an Army buddy. Zerbe carried a wedge around with him—for protection, he said. There were people, "corporate interests" he called them, who were out to harm him because Moody was siphoning away some of Arnold Palmer's gallery. Zerbe

shaved in golf-course parking lots, using a razor, a cup of cold water and an automobile's side-view mirror, slept in fields he called "the Greengrass Motel," and carried alarm clocks everywhere. Once he dropped one and the alarm went off. He finally silenced the racket by stomping on the clock. Moody said: "Bob, why did you do that?" "It doesn't matter," said Zerbe. "I've got two more in my pockets."

For whatever reason—possibly from watching Moody's putts slip past the hole—Zerbe had become increasingly suspicious of his surroundings. He shunned motels because, he told Moody, the Mafia was watching him via television. He was convinced that someone was relaying information to Palmer about the consistency of the greens by holding up soft-drink cases at each hole. On one side, Zerbe said, was printed "Hard," on the other, "Soft." The caddie kept extraordinary and meticulous records of every shot Moody hit. He marched off yardage in diligent fashion. When he came to a lake he simply waded through it, holding his notebook high. The records he kept were stashed in safety deposit boxes around the country.

Moody kept Zerbe on because he was a good caddie and because they had been friends for so long. Moody called him "eccentric." But finally Moody got another caddie.

In the Plano restaurant Beverly took a bite of food and winced. "Damn!" she said. "I think I cracked a tooth." After a trip to the rest room, she returned to say that she had indeed chipped a molar. "I'll have to get that capped."

"Don't be talking about caps," said her husband. "Those caps cost \$250."

Moody was only kidding. He has a dry, teasing sense of humor that he has learned to use effectively. There was a 1,050-mile trip to Columbus, Ohio coming up. Maybe Bev would drive part of the way.

If he hadn't won the Open, Moody would be collecting his Army pension now. At the very least he would have gone into the Army Reserves, which would have meant between \$600 and \$700 a month to him. Instead, he is an old man on the tour, shaving his expenses down to about \$30,000 a year, playing in all the exhibitions and pro-ams he can, suf-

fering because he is naturally warm-blooded and has to wear ice-filled hats and gulp salt tablets to endure the summer heat. Often he thinks back to the times in the Army when he regularly won service tournaments by 20 or 30 strokes. "I always had a lot of fun in those days," he says. "It seems all of my troubles started after I got out of the Army. Now I want to get a little ahead and get a club job somewhere. There's been two-three times when I got down pretty low, but it seems like I always win a little money when that happens. But if I get enough ahead, I don't even know if I'll go on in golf. I might get into something else. The thing is, I could still win if I got it all together."

Actually, things do look better for Moody. His performance and check at Houston gave him a little cushion, and his hay fever is under control now thanks to a shot he receives twice a year. In the past, Moody sometimes had to play tournaments wearing a surgical mask because of his hay fever. Naturally the newspapers ran pictures of him, and they had a lot of fun with captions of the Who's the Masked Man kind.

The Ol' Sarge still has the ammo from tee to green, and he has made 10 holes in one, including an ace at this year's Colonial that got him the use of a car for a year. And you should see his trick shoes. He can tee off with a paper cup over the ball and outlive most men, and his wedge shots dance like puppets on a string. He can run it, bump it, cut it, draw it, burn it and nail it better than just about anybody. If only he could putt it.

One of the few things saved from the fire that destroyed his house was a box containing scrapbooks of his career. His U.S. Open trophy, charred and warped from the fire, also survived. Once it was the symbol of his greatest triumph. Now it mirrored his travail. A few months ago, he was rummaging through the scrapbooks and pulled out a yellowed newspaper photograph.

"Here, honey, look at this," he said to Beverly. "I was pretty handsome in those days." The face was young and smooth, the body was lean. Moody ran his fingers over text and pictures of 30 years ago.

"Look, here's one from when I played that exhibition with Byron Nelson," he said. So much has happened since then. Still, in lean years and fat, plain Ol' Orville has had what it takes to keep soldiering on.

END



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First title for the Titans

Cal State Fullerton shook off an opening-game loss and reeled off five straight wins, the last over Arkansas, to get its first-ever NCAA Division I championship

California's Orange County, where housing tracts long ago replaced most of the citrus groves, is best known for Disneyland, far-right politics and the good sailing on Balboa Bay. But last Friday night baseball was king. The California Angels beat Detroit 6-4 at Anaheim Stadium to go 1½ games up in the American League West. And 1,600 miles away in Omaha, another home product, the heretofore little-known Cal State Fullerton Titans, won the College World Series, edging Arkansas in the championship game 2-1.

Fullerton High produced Hall of Famers Walter Johnson and Arky Vaughan, but it was the first NCAA Division I title in any sport for the 19-year-old university, a victory made all the sweeter because the team had had several brushes with elimination. In the West Regional, the Titans lost their first game, then came roaring out of the losers' bracket to twice beat powerful UCLA. At Omaha, they were whipped 6-1 by Mississippi State in their opener and then rattled off five straight wins. In six of their nine tournament victories, they had to fight from behind, swinging their aluminum bats with wicked effect.

Everyone knows that California is as rich in major league baseball prospects as it is in avocados. Cal State Fullerton has a lineup full of the former, many of them already sporting all-star mustaches, spitting professional-quality streams of tobacco juice and dreaming of multiyear contracts. First Baseman Tim Lincecum, a slugging senior who was twice the MVP in the Southern California Baseball Association, was the 10th player picked in last week's major league draft (by Montreal). Outfielder Salvatore (Sam) Favata breezed into Omaha batting a gaudy .432 and was racing Pepperdine's Tim Lincecum for the national lead in stolen bases. The four starting pitchers had a collective 45-8 won-lost record before the series got under way.

Coach Augie Garrido knew he had a deeper, more talented squad than the one he had in 1975, the only other year the Titans had made it to Omaha (where they were eliminated early). But he felt that

the team would need some unexpected heroes to survive the double-elimination competition.

Those heroes emerged, especially in Thursday night's penultimate-game victory over a California baseball power, Pepperdine. Both teams had won three straight after dropping their openers and were playing for the right to meet Arkansas in the final. The Razorbacks were also once beaten (by Fullerton) but had gotten a bye into the final because they had remained undefeated longer than the other two teams.

Mickey Palmer, banished to the bench because of a batting slump late in the season, started against Pepperdine because the regular rightfielder was injured. He went 5 for 6, scored a run and knocked in a pair in an 8-5 victory. Catcher Kurt Kingsolver, whose father played for Oklahoma State in the 1954 College World Series, threw out three base runners and picked another off first. Kingsolver was batting .264 before Omaha but hit .476 in the series. Unfortunately, his father wasn't there to enjoy it. He is a geothermal engineer and was in China studying geysers.

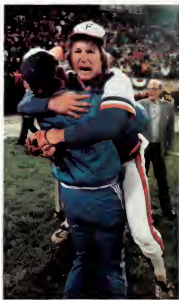
Sophomore Tony Hudson, once a highly recruited high school veer quarterback, pitched the last 2½ innings against Pepperdine, allowed only a walk and a ground-ball single and recorded his third save of the series.

Arkansas was a much less likely finalist than Fullerton. At least Fullerton had won its league championship and was ranked third in the final college baseball poll. The Hogs had finished second to perennially strong Texas in the Southwest Conference and had been shut out off to fill a slot in the East Regional, qualifying for the series by virtue of a 4-3 victory over Delaware in the eastern final.

Razorback Coach Norm DeBriya originally had been hired by the school to teach driver education, and he was the second choice when the baseball job opened up in 1970. Nevertheless, he has built Arkansas into a perennial challenger of Texas.

"They used to say we couldn't have a serious baseball program ... because of

continued



An exultant Weatherman gets a piggyback ride



"Danny D is still figuring the score and looking for an edge in a world of perfidy, affecting disguises, playing dumb and shooting smart, a chameleon fitting into the background with a makeup kit filled with jars of deceit and trickery. . . . But he is 42 years old and does not know if he will be a winner or a loser tomorrow—and he realizes that he must go on making his way in the shadows, as unobtrusively as possible, never really showing himself. On the rare occasions when he does, Danny D is a kitchen insect caught in sudden light, skittering away, hoping that a pool stick will not split his skull—*thwack*."

Where did this appear? The New Yorker? People? Esquire? No, it's from *Easy Times the Hard Way* by Barry McDermott in Sports Illustrated, where the world of sport, like the world at large, has its seamy underside.

Sports Illustrated

We are sports in print.

BASEBALL continued

the weather," DeBryn told the newspaper *Collegiate Baseball*. "That's a rationalization. If that were true, there wouldn't be any baseball north of Missouri. We've played earlier every year and people come out and watch us in March, when the weather is certainly not too comfortable. I grew up in northern Wisconsin. To me, Fayetteville, Arkansas has great baseball weather."

Not bad hitters, either. Freshman Outfielder Kevin McReynolds, swinging a 36" aluminum bat (Pete Rose uses a 35" bat, Rod Carew, a 34½"), was merely hitting .714 going into the final. His home run, double and three RBIs had helped upset Texas 9-4 earlier in the week. (Pepperdine eliminated the No. 1-ranked Longhorns the next evening, 6-4.)

"I think the longer bat's got a lot to do with it," said McReynolds. "I had asked the coach to get one all year. Before the World Series, a manufacturer gave us one. It lets me stand back a bit and get my arms extended."

Perhaps the Razorbacks' finest all-round player was Shortstop Larry Wallace, who has been almost totally deaf since age two. A fine fielder, he was also hitting .533 going into the final. He doesn't wear his hearing aids in games because his batting helmet interferes with them. When he calls for a pop fly his teammates have no choice but to stand clear.

Arkansas had never won an NCAA team championship in any sport, so there was plenty of tension in the championship game. Adding to the drama, thunderheads were missed over Rosenblatt Municipal Stadium, but no raindrops fell, nor was there the kind of outpouring of runs that both teams had been producing. Fullerton had scored 46 times in five games, while Arkansas scored 34 runs in four. That's what's called getting good metal on the ball.

Indeed, the final was a pitchers' duel, Arkansas' Steve Krueger against Fullerton's Dave Weatherman, who had been knocked out in the first inning by Pepperdine the night before. This time he was sharp, and so was Krueger.

The game was decided in the bottom of the sixth. With the score 1-1, the fleet Favata reached first on an error. He stole second (his 66th theft of the season) and continued to third on a throwing error by the usually accurate Hog catcher, Ronn Reynolds. Power-hitter Wallach drove him in with a sacrifice fly. It was

continued

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Wallach's 102nd RBI of the season, tying the unofficial NCAA record set last year by Arizona State's Chris Bando.

Weatherman finished strong, facing the minimum number of batters in the last three innings. The rubber-armed Hudson, later named the tournament MVP, warmed up a bit in the bullpen, but Garrido didn't need to call on him.

"What a heck of a job Weatherman did," said Kingsolver. "They're such a good hitting team, and for him to hold them like that—just super. Weatherman can't do any better than this. He can't pitch any better."

"We're tough. You can't beat a team like ours, a team with guts. I'll tell you."

THE WEEK

(June 3-9)

by MIKE DEINAGRO

NL EAST

"Believe in everything you say and do," went the lyrics to a song blaring inside the St. Louis clubhouse. "That's the way it is with us," said Catcher Steve Swisher. "We all believe in each other." Lou Brock agreed wholeheartedly. "Last year we were a stand-up club," he said. "That's a team that doesn't want to get its uniform dirty. But this team is scrappy. We're diving into third base, diving into second base and diving into first base." As a result, St. Louis (4-2) dove into first place for the first time since 1977, tying Montreal with a 30-21 record. The Cards raised their team batting average from .280 to .291 as Gary Templeton (13 for 27), Ken Reitz (12 for 24), George Hendrick (10 for 24) and Keith Hernandez (9 for 27) all continued on batting tears. In fact, they all hit safely in every game last week. Ted Simmons had a hit or two or three in five other games, and a .450 average for the week. Hernandez—who batted .255 last season, a year he calls "purgatory"—has bashed out 50 hits in 131 trips to the plate since May 2, lifting his average from .213 to .317. However, Hernandez is more excited over Templeton's hitting. Following Templeton's four-hit performance against Los Angeles, his fourth in seven games, Hernandez gushed, "He might be the next guy to get 4,000 hits."

Montreal (2-4) beat Atlanta for Bill Lee's 10th career win and, in the fourth inning of a 12-2 win over the Braves, exploded for a team-record nine hits and 11 runs. But otherwise good news was scarce: four pitchers in six starts lasted only 34½ innings and had a 4.24 ERA. Steve Rogers was winless in two starts; and in 63 "clutch" situations, Expo bat-

ters got only nine hits—a .143 average. After Rogers' 5-4 loss at Houston, Second Baseman Rodney Scott, who went 0 for 4, rode the press bus back to the hotel. "I don't deserve to be on the players' bus," he said. "I'm not helping the team." Nor was Manager Dick Williams, who was interviewed in a men's magazine. "Other teams are in the *Sporting News*," Catcher Gary Carter said disgustedly, "but we're right in there where it counts for the discriminating sports reader."

Pittsburgh (4-2), nine games out of first place three weeks ago, moved to within 2½ games of the lead largely on the longball hitting of Dave Parker, Bill Robinson and Willie Stargell. Parker had four home runs to gain a place among the league leaders with 12. Robinson also hit four homers, two apiece like a 7-0 win over San Diego and a 5-4 defeat of Los Angeles. Stargell pinch-hit an eighth-inning two-run homer to tie the Giants at 2-2, and then Parker's bases-empty homer won the game. In the 7-0 defeat of the Padres, Pirate Pitcher Bruce Kison angrily raised his fist toward the press box and scoter Don Donovan after Donovan ruled that Barry Evans' eighth-inning double, which was touched by Pirate Third Baseman Phil Garner, was a hit, not an error. It was the Padres' only hit. "We're in our home park," Kison whined. "It could have gone either way."

Chicago (4-2) and Philadelphia (3-4) tried group therapy. The Cubs' Bruce Sutter got saves No. 10, 11 and 12, but after a sloppily pitched 11-3 loss to San Diego, the Cubs entered a routine clubhouse meeting into a soul-searching session. Philadelphia Manager Danny Ozark called a similar team meeting. "Everyone in that room has talent coming out of the nose," Ozark said later. "It's disappointing to see the effort they're putting out." The most-troubled Phillie was Reliever Ron Reed, whose ERA, once 0.43, ballooned to 4.97, in his last 17 innings Reed has allowed 35 hits and 23 runs. In 12 appearances, the Phillie bullpen pitched 16½ innings, gave up 16 runs and walked a dozen batters. The bright note was Steve Carlton, who beat Houston 8-0 on a one-hitter.

Craig Swan beat ex-Met Tom Seaver and shut out Houston 4-0 for New York (4-2).

MONT 30-21 ST. L. 30-21 PIT 28-24
PHIL 30-26 CH 24-28 NY 21-31

NL WEST

Remember when people took to saying National League East because West teams were dominating their rivals in the East? Well, it would have sounded pretty hollow last week. In interdivisional play San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Atlanta all dropped four of six games to Eastern rivals.

At San Francisco, Los Angeles and Atlanta, the problem was pitching. Vida Blue had a complete-game victory over the Pirates, a premonition left-hand-hitting team, but the

Giants' all-lefty starting staff has lately been bombarded by everyone else. Before beating Pittsburgh, San Francisco had lost 11 of 13 as opponents hit it stalling. 320. Dodge Pitches Doug Rau and Andy Messersmith visited the team doctor. Frank Jobe, on the same day because both were suffering minor pains. It turned out that Messersmith had an injured nerve and Rau a rotator cuff injury—Messersmith will be out for 21 days and Rau for the remainder of the season. "I'm in shock," muttered Manager Tom Losada.

In lopsided losses to Philadelphia (9-3), New York (9-4) and Montreal (8-1 and 12-2), Atlanta's staff saw its ERA soar to 4.75 by week's end. Even worse, the Braves gave up 13 unearned runs, making for a total of 50 in their 57 games. Lack of hitting hurt San Diego, which was shut out twice. Aside from Dave Winfield, 9 for 24 for the week and batting .356, no other regular Padre was hitting over .300. After a loss to St. Louis and six 300 hitters, Winfield summed up the difference between the two teams. "They're just ripping and slashing, and we're playing too close to the vest," he said.

Houston (4-2) climbed to an Astro-record 11 games above .500 and increased its divisional lead to 1½ games over Cincinnati, thanks in good part to knuckleballer Joe Niekro. He defeated Montreal 5-4 and then shut out New York for his eighth consecutive victory, which ties a team record set 10 years ago by the late Don Wilson. "Right now he's the best pitcher in the National League," said Manager Bill Virdon. Tom Seaver of Cincinnati (4-3), once acclaimed as the league's best, beat Montreal on a three-hitter to end a 7½-week drought in which he had not won a game. The Reds' Mike LaCoss beat the Expos 7-2, his seventh victory without a loss. It was also his 12th start this season, all of which have resulted in Cincinnati victories. Red pitchers got extraordinary support from George Foster and Dan Driessen. Foster banged out five homers and hit .379, while Driessen hit four homers, batted .444, scored eight runs and had six RBIs.

HOU 35-25 CIN 32-25 SF 28-31
LA 28-32 NY 37-34 ATL 21-36

AL WEST

California extended its divisional lead to a team-record three games in a 4-2 week. Surprises were everywhere. Frank Tanina, heretofore unable to last beyond seven innings, pitched a four-hit shutout against Toronto. Nolan Ryan, sidelined since May 30 with a pulled calf muscle, returned against Detroit and fired a four-hitter, striking out 16. In another win over Detroit, seldom-used 39-year-old Willie Davis banged out four hits in four at bats and First Baseman Don Ford, subbing for Rod Carew, who is out with a thumb injury, drove home the go-ahead run in the fifth inning and then broke the game open with his first in-

continued

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BASEBALL continued

for league grand slam. In Ryan's triumph, Willie Mays Askins broke out of a slump, singling twice and hitting a home run. Askins says a recent visit with former high school rival Jim Rice helped him crack the slump. "He told me to watch the ball right into the catcher's mitt," Askins said. Chicago (2-4) had surprises, too, but unfortunately most of them were bad. Ken Kravec, coming off six straight wins, suffered a 9-2 loss to Boston. Pitcher Mike Proby had a recurrence of elbow trouble in a loss to New York; and Ross Baumgarten, the White Sox' brightest rookie pitcher, played with a cold in losing to Milwaukee and wound up in the hospital with a sore throat. On the plus side were the performances of rookie Pitcher Fred Howard, who beat Boston for his first major league victory, and Reliever Steve (Rainbow) Trout, who had two saves, including one in Fenway Park, where his father, Dizzy Trout, won the last of his 170 victories.

Marty Pasmun of Kansas City, a slow starter used sparingly this season, got two of the Royals' three wins for the week. After beating Milwaukee 6-1 on five hits, he said, "Who knows whether I can pitch early in the season if they don't use me?"

Johnny Grubb extended his hitting streak to 21 games, the longest this season in the majors. Texas won five of seven games. Minnesota (20-26) dropped 3½ games out of first, while Oakland was a perfect 0-6, discouraging even by its modest standards.

Seattle's Willie Horton finally hit his 300th career home run in a 4-3 victory over Detroit. The night before, Horton cracked a shot toward leftfield off Detroit's John Hiller that appeared certain to land in the Kingdome's second deck. But at a point about 95 feet above the field, the ball smacked into a loud-speaker, one of 13 that hang over the Kingdome field. As Horton rounded first base in his home-run trot, the ball rebounded back onto the infield. Tiger Shortstop Alan Trammell fielded it and held Horton to a single. "It's funny," said Hiller, "before the game a bunch of us pitchers were looking up at those speakers and I said, 'Anytime a ball hits one of those and saves a game for a pitcher, he ought to go to church the next day.' I guess you know where I'll be tomorrow."

GAL 35-23 KC 32-26 MINN 30-25

TEX 31-26 CHI 27-29 SEA 23-38 OAK 18-40

AL EAST While pitching kept Baltimore (page 18) in first place, Boston, in a batting slump since mid-May, erupted for 58 runs and 13 homers, won six of seven games and closed to within a game of the Orioles. Fred Lynn (.343) and Jim Rice (.393) each walked four homers, and Carl Yastrzemski batted .440 and drove in 10 runs, giving him a career total of 1,564 RBIs and lifting him ahead of Tris Speaker into 17th on the all-time list. Rice was slated. "Now the

continued

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pitchers won't know what to do," he chortled. In the amateur draft, Boston's No. 1 selection was University of Florida Catcher Marc Sullivan, the son of Red Sox owner and general manager. Haywood Sullivan "Marc isn't 21 so I had to co-sign his contract," Haywood said after his son agreed to terms. "At least I know what he's making."

New York (4-3) and Milwaukee (3-3) continued running in place. Tommy John won his 10th game against one loss, 8-3 over Kansas City, and Lou Piniella was 13 for 32, but the Yankee bullpen continued to struggle, especially against the Royals in an 11-10 win and a 9-8 loss, both in extra innings. The pitching of Mike Caldwell was typical of the Brewers' week. He shut out Chicago 6-0 and then lost to the White Sox 6-2. After the victory, Caldwell said, "One reason I pitched well was that San Diego was in town to play the Cubs. I broke in with those guys and I knew they'd be watching me on TV." Sorry, Mike, the game wasn't televised.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

WILLIE MCCOVEY: San Francisco's 41-year-old slugger smashed two home runs—the 511th and 512th of his career—which boosted him past Mel Ott as the National League's all-time left-hand-hitting home-run champion.

Rookie Phil Huffman of Toronto (3-3) lost his sixth consecutive game, 4-2 to California, and as a 3-0 defeat by the Angels the Blue Jays failed to score for the second straight game for Tom Underwood, who is 0-8 and winless in 12 starts since Aug. 8, 1978. But Jesse Jefferson beat California 5-4 to end his 12-game losing streak; then Huffman pitched eight innings of five-hit ball to shut out Oakland, and Toronto had three straight wins for the first time since April 14—as well as its best week of the season.

Cleveland (5-1) had its best week, too, as Duane Kuiper hit .375, Bobby Bonds .368 and Paul Dade .368. Reliever Sid Monge won two games and lowered his ERA to 1.87, second-best in the league, by yielding no runs—and just three hits—in 9½ innings against Seattle and Oakland.

Detroit (2-4), after having won nine of its last 11, returned to earth, dropping three games to Seattle and California. Wally injured Mark Fidrych doing television commentary, the rest of the Tiger pitching staff surrendered 11 home runs, including six to Seattle in an 11-2 defeat. Former Tiger Willie Horton had two of the Mariners' homers, and he was quick to dedicate one four-bagger to ex-Tiger Manager Ralph Houk. "It's for Houk's getting rid of me," he said. "I thought about that as I rounded the bases."

(10)

23 12-03

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BALT 35-21 BOS 34-21 MIL 32-27 NY 31-27
DET 25-28 CLEV 27-28 TOR 16-42

THE SECRET LIFE OF ROCKY PERONE



This is Richard Pohl as he looks today at the age of 40.

The author tells the story of one Richard Pohle, who at 36 felt he could still play ball well enough to make it to the majors. Knowing that no team would take a chance on a rookie that old, Pohle, with the help of a friend, hit on a scheme to step backward in time

BY ELIOT ASINOF



Pohle re-creates his role as 21-year-old Rocky Perone.

CONTINUED

from Sydney, Australia. At least, that's who the Padres thought they had signed. Actually, my name is Richard Pohl, and I'm from Lisbon Falls, Maine. And my age, by God, was 36!

Except for Satchel Paige, I probably was the oldest rookie ever signed to a professional baseball contract. But look, at 36 I was desperate. I had to do something. I wasn't some rinky-dink from Pipe Dream City. Over the years, I'd proved myself repeatedly. I had to prove myself again just to be here. I'd had to show them something. The hoax about my age was just a device to get the scouts to look at me, to *really* look at me. Can anyone picture a scout giving a tryout to an American shortstop who is 36?

God knows the number of places I'd gone for tryouts, how many times I'd hitched to spring-training camps, traveling from Maine to Florida or from California to Florida, and how close I'd come to making it years ago. The trouble with scouts is that they seldom believe what they see. What they want to see is some big rangy kid with a sensational high school rep, a .575 hitter with power, someone destined for a big bonus, someone about whom the scout can tell the front office what it wants to hear. But who was Richard Pohl? Just some dumb kid from Maine, a little guy who was already 18 and no one had ever heard of him. They can really cut a man down. Year after year, I kept coming back for another shot, and then I would end up playing ball in Canada, Mexico, Japan, Cape Cod. It seemed like I was never

more than a month or two away from the opening of a season. I even went to England, Sweden and Australia. Name places where anyone plays decent ball, and I've been there.

When I reached the age of 36, I was living with my sister in Huntington Beach, Calif., which is about an hour's drive from Los Angeles. I guess I'd been beaten down too many times, and it was beginning to show in the mirror. I had wrinkles around my eyes, a heavy black beard, not too much hair on top, and more than a trace of gray around the temples. If a scout saw me now, he'd push me into a rocking chair. I was washed up before I'd even been given a real chance.

Well, almost.

I had this friend back in Lisbon Falls named Richard Lister. As kids, we'd played a lot of ball together. Now he was a clinical psychologist in Costa Mesa, a few miles away from my sister's house. He'd become something of a miracle worker, you might say, helping people to become successful. He had this theory that age was an exaggerated bugaboo, that there were athletes who could perform way beyond the normally accepted limits. Most of them, when they reached 35 or so, would begin to quit on themselves; they believed their talents were decaying because that was the way the baseball Establishment laid it down. Like Maury Wills. When he was closing in on 40, he was still a better shortstop than the 24-year-old guy, Bill Russell, who took his job away. But you couldn't get a sportswriter to write that.

Continued

It was the greatest feeling in the world—or maybe the worst. Five years ago, there I was in a San Diego uniform about to take a pregame workout with the Padres. Warming up on the sidelines were the champion Cincinnati Reds—Pete Rose, Joe Morgan, Johnny Bench, those guys. This was the big time. This was where I belonged. Nobody ever wanted to be anywhere more than I wanted to be in this spot.

The trouble was, it wasn't me. Or, to be more exact, nobody knew it was me. The guy on the field was known as Rocky Perone, supposedly a 21-year-old rookie



Skin creams gave Pohl's face a youthful glow that he was careful not to let the sun destroy.

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Put under hypnosis by Psychologist Lister, Poole was persuaded he could play a rookie's role

I remember that Doc Lister and I were once in a locker room when a guy came in for a tryout, and right away the scout asked, "How old are you?" The guy blanched a little and said, "I'm 26." Right away the scout waved him off. "Twenty-six! You want me to get fired?" It was the sort of thing that could turn an honest man into a liar.

"I'm a better ballplayer at 36 than I was at 21," I told Lister one day, "but it doesn't do me any good." The Doc was staring into his coffee, the wheels in that

big brain of his spinning, and when he looked back up at me, suddenly everything was different. I saw that look and I knew what he was thinking, because I was thinking the exact same thing myself. The name of the game is 21.

I could knock off 15 years and become a new man with a new identity, new looks, the works. Wow! I liked the idea, but it scared me right out of my shoes.

"You can do it, Rich," Doc said.

"Sure thing," I said as if I meant it.

Then he said something about how he

could make a racehorse out of a jackass if the jackass had the right attitude.

"I'm no jackass," I said.

"Then you're halfway home," he assured me.

So he went to work on me. First thing, he wanted to hypnotize me.

"What?"

"Trust me," he said.

I did. I always had. I mean, I really felt I was lucky to have him on my side. The point is, I'm not the most stable guy in the world. I grew up in grubby New England factory towns. My mother and father divorced when I was five. I never got along with my stepfather. Our home was full of hard drinkers and fighters; we never had enough money, and there were always plenty of squabbling siblings. I was always getting into scrapes. I wasn't the model child, you might say. The only reason I held together at all was baseball. Since I was 10, I knew I could play ball. And because of baseball, Lister, who is two years older and much bigger than I, became my best friend. We played sandlot ball together as kids.

And because he's my friend and such a talented specialist, now he could really help me. He got me to relax. "Start by relaxing your right leg. Fine... fine. I want you to listen carefully to what I say..."

I would drift off the way he wanted me to. He would take me back in time, from 36 to 25 to 17 to... We gradually relished what my life was like through all those years—how I'd been repeatedly thwarted, how close I'd come to making it. To give me confidence, he constantly emphasized how I deserved to make it. Like when I was 10, I had my first glove, a Phil Rizzuto model. I didn't even know who Phil Rizzuto was, but I learned how to use that glove quickly enough. Owning that glove changed everything. I was small and I played shortstop, as I found Rizzuto did. I was the little guy with his hands close to the ground. I learned to get those hands on everything that came near me. I was good. Right off, I was ready for my first tryout. I wanted to play Little League but because there was none in the New Hampshire town where I was living at the time, my cousin and I hitchhiked 40 miles to Nashua. It turned out we were a day early for the tryouts, but we weren't about to go home. No, sir. I was going to make that team. We decided to spend the night in the ball park, finding shelter in the press box and curl-

continued

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ing up in corners for warmth. But my cousin didn't sleep too well. He got restless and cold, and around three in the morning he accidentally kicked a switch and suddenly the scoreboard lit up. The next thing we knew, the cops came for us, and just to keep us out of trouble, they let us spend the night in jail.

I never got that tryout, I never played Little League ball, but I did get a solid thrashing from my mom.

You may think, so what? But as Lister said, suppose I had made the club. Suppose I'd played great ball as a kid and showed everyone how good I was. A 10-year-old phenom, right? Who knows? Wouldn't that have been an important beginning?

Confidence. Lister kept building up my confidence. He knew I was sensitive about being only 5' 7", but he kept telling me how it wasn't that important. "Think of Rizzuto," he said. "Think of Freddie Patek. You're only 5' 7", but every inch is loaded with dynamite. The only thing that matters is that you're good!"

O.K., I knew that. I'd always known that. I'd proved it enough times. Seventeen years ago, both the Dodgers and the Kansas City A's wanted to sign me, and when Arthur Lilly, a scout for the A's, offered me a contract and a spot on the roster at Class D Daytona Beach, I accepted. I was set to start my professional career. But I got the flu and ran a 104° temperature; I had to go into the hospital. I almost died! I lost 16 pounds, and when I got out, I was too weak. The A's knew I could play ball, but they had to release me. They didn't have the funds to hold me, they said. So I had to go back to my sister in California a failure. I remember how I arrived at the bus station at two in the morning with my Kansas City A's travel bag and walked eight miles to her home, and when I saw her, I broke into tears.

"It wasn't your fault," Doc kept saying to me. "The breaks went against you. You have to believe you can make it in spite of the breaks. You can, Rich. You're good enough so you can."

Every day that winter we worked out. There is a lot of good baseball played around Los Angeles in the winter. You could put together a first-rate semipro team from the gang that hangs around Sawdust Park, for instance. Lister was my coach and trainer as well as my

shrink. He had me running my butt off. Hit, field, throw, bunt, slide. And I had to play like a kid. Dumb, not cocky. I had to tone down my savvy. Like a kid, for example, I'd pull the bill of my cap over my eyes so that I had to raise my head to see. I even had to change my jargon because kids have new ways of saying things. They no longer say that a fast-ball pitcher throws "aspirin tablets" or "BBs," they say, "He throws heat" or "He brings it." And the old superstitions—like the one about not crossing bats—well, kids don't care about those sorts of things anymore. If I went around uncrossing bats, it would tend to give away my age, Lister said.

This went on for weeks, a combination of field workouts and hypnosis, body and mind, all of me conditioned into a whole new person. A couple of times, Doc even pulled me aside and put me under light hypnosis right on the ball field, because he thought I was dogging it.

Meanwhile, with my sister's help, I learned how to work on my face. I made a study of cosmetic creams and powders. I visited beauty parlors and cosmetic specialists. I got facials and massages and mudpacks. I used Essence of Youth, Dermassage, baby oils—even butter—trying to make myself look more youthful. Because I have a heavy black beard, I figured out how to shave close without cutting up my skin, first working in hot soap and cream to open up the pores. It would take me at least 25 minutes to shave, but my skin would end up as smooth as a baby's butt. Then I'd put tinted baby powder on my cheeks to cover the pores.

On top, I got fixed up with a rug that was styled sort of the way Pete Rose wears his hair. I learned how to dye the exposed hair beneath it with a mixture that would leave it dark and shining.

I was careful about what I ate. Mostly I stuck with fruits and vegetables. I got lots of sleep. It helped that I had never smoked or drunk, not even beer. And I kept my face out of the sun as much as possible, protecting my skin with creams whenever I played.

They say that the mirror doesn't lie,

but when I got through working on my face, I wasn't so sure about that. Thirty-six? No, sir, I looked young. I mean, the guy named Rocky Perone looked so young, he could almost fool Richard Pohle's sister.

Finally I was January and time to take the test. Because too many baseball people knew me in California, my best shot would be in Florida, where most of the training camps were located. We had gotten a copy of the *Baseball Blue Book* that contains the names of all the scouts. Later had the idea that some of the scouts would be more approachable than others. With a good pair of binoculars, he showed me how to check out a scout, to get to know something about him, to see how he was feeling, to determine if he was in the mood to pay attention that day. "Stay away from the guys who look stupid or bored," he'd say, "but most of all, stay away from the really smart ones."

Everything depended on the scout. He was the man I had to fool and impress. And as we came close to the showdown, I became doubly worried about how to make my mark. The problem was, how do I get a guy hot for me even before he sees me?

Every aspiring kid knows the problem: You get invited to a camp, but you're only one of 500 players. They put a number on your back, and somebody raps a few grounders to you. You get half a dozen cuts at pitches thrown by a machine. Then, even if you're a vacuum cleaner with those ground balls, even if you show you've got a rifle for an arm, and even if you jerk three balls out of the park, chances are all they'll do is to put a check by your number and then forget about it.

I wanted no more of that. It wasn't going to be enough just to be 21. I could scout those scouts for a dozen years, but even if I caught the right one and impressed him with my new youth and old talent, he'd be sure to ask me where I was from, where I played high school ball, how come there was no book on me. And if I made up something, he would do a little telephoning just to check me out. He would have to be suspicious as hell. So the guy named Rocky Perone had to be a complete unknown. There needed to be a good reason why no scout had ever heard of him.

Doc agreed that no matter what scout I approached, smart or dumb, I had to

continued



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have an explanation. Then the old light bulb went on in my head. It was so perfect I burst out laughing.

Rocky Perone was from Australia. He was 21, a phenom from Sydney, where, though most Americans don't know it, they play some fairly good ball. Because I'd spent several years down there, the territory was familiar. I began practicing my accent. Best of all, there would be no way for anyone to check me out. Right, mate?

Lister insisted I go to St. Petersburg by bus, the better to make my adjustment slowly. Besides, I'd be staying in character. A poor kid doesn't take a plane or drive a car. I could practice meeting strangers, get the feel of acting like an Aussie.

So I was back in St. Pete again, and right off there were painful memories of earlier failures. I was hardly out of the bus station when I thought of my first trip South at 18, toting my glove, spikes and an old uniform with *WORLDWIDE* T-SHIRTS across the shirt. I had a few dollars for survival, but a wealth of high hopes. I lived on Baby Ruth bars, slept on the beach and tried to talk my way into the Yankee and Cardinal training camps to show them my stuff. Then one night a storm blew in off the Gulf, and my only shelter was under a kids' slide in the playground. The next thing I knew, a cop had me booked for vagrancy—my second night in jail. When I got out, I picked up my gear at the beach, only to find it soaked. The shoes, glove and uniform were all ruined. What's more, at the ball park I was told that insurance regulations prevented me from working out. Only contract ballplayers were permitted on the field.

Well, 18 years and a thousand games later, here I was again. I checked into a hotel and opened the *Baseball Blue Book*. Lister and I had studied so carefully. Having just heard that the Pirates were looking for infielders, I called their office in Bradenton.

"My name is Dick Kerns," I said, using a deep voice and my regular New England accent. "I'm in the import-export business, just returned from Aus-

tralia." I explained that I'd been a minor league ballplayer some years before and knew what I was talking about, so when I tipped them off, they listened. "I saw an Australian kid, name of Rocky Perone. I'm telling you, he's amazing. Hit, run, throw, wow. Small, a lot like Bobby Richardson. He's here in St. Pete. Wants to go to school, he says, but you really ought to take a good look at him."

"How old is he?" Always that question.

"Twenty, 21," I said.

It worked. They invited Perone for a tryout.

The next day I arrived dressed like a real bushier—torn pants, old sweat shirt, Aussie spikes with white laces, even a Dutch Boy painter's hat. Everyone laughed at me. Let them. Any distraction from the truth had to be a plus. Even my dumb Aussie routine was a laugh. When I saw the metal doughnut used to weight the bat for on-deck hitters, I asked, "What's that, mate?" Nor could I understand some of the jargon. "You've got good range, Aussie," Danny Murtaugh said. "Range," mate?" I said. I showed them my good hands and teed off on John Candelaria, who threw straight stuff to me. "Didn't know Aussies played anything but cricket," Murtaugh said, obviously impressed.

I left quickly, without taking a shower. Whenever possible, I stayed with this policy. The way I saw it, I'd add 10 years to my appearance when I took off my uniform. They gave me \$50 for transportation and asked me to come back in a few days.

Then Dick Kerns tried the Cardinals, speaking with Coach George Kissel, and again it worked. But Kissel was too damn smart. After hitting me some grounders, he said suspiciously, "You've been around, son. You've played a whole lot of baseball." He even spotted my New England accent, despite all the Aussie phrases. And that night, when Kerns called him to find out what he thought of Perone, Kissel replied that Perone couldn't be 21 and that he doubted he was Australian. "He even chews his gum right?" Kissel said.

I immediately vowed not to chew gum again—and to stay clear of smart coaches like George Kissel.

The next day I learned that Jim Marshall, a scout for the San Diego Padres, was in town, though they trained in

the West. Dick Kerns persuaded him to check out a young infielder from Australia.

When Marshall came to pick me up, I sensed there was going to be trouble. He had a woman in his car and a kid in the back seat. I was afraid that the woman would see through the phony age ploy, so I wanted to sit with the kid. But Marshall moved her so he could talk directly to me as he drove. The kid kept grabbing at my Dutch Boy cap, once coming close to knocking off my hairpiece. I was so nervous by the time we got to the University of South Florida in Tampa, I was sweating blood.

Then I got on the field and in 15 minutes everything changed. It was like in the movies when some slob comes off the street into a fancy nightclub and sings like Maro Lanza. They hit me ground balls, and I dug them out as though I owned the ball park. I covered the ground like I was on skates. Then I hit clotheslines to all fields and from both sides of the plate. I gave them such a show that the college kids not only stopped laughing at my rube appearance, but they also stopped practicing to watch. I was so hot that I told myself to be careful or Marshall would smell a rat. So when he told me to lay a few down, I asked him what that meant.

"Bunt," he said. "Let's see you bunt."

Richard Pohle can bunt like Ty Cobb, but Rocky Perone looked like a bum. And sure enough, it made everything else seem right.

"I heard you came to the States for an education," the college coach said as he pulled me aside.

"That's right, mate," I said.

"Well, why don't you consider coming here?" We'll take care of you, son. Everything you need.

Marshall took me to dinner and told me he was convinced I was a big league prospect, that he was going to call Robert Fontaine, director of player personnel for the Padres. "I don't know, mate," I conned him. "I came here to get an education."

"You can always get an education, Rocky," Marshall said. "I'm giving you a chance to play pro ball. I'll talk to you tomorrow."

And sure enough, Marshall appeared the next day with a contract in hand. If this was a movie, great music would be soaring in the background. It didn't mat-

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ter that I was to report to Walla Walla, Wash., a Padre farm club, or that I'd be getting a lousy \$500 a month with an incentive bonus if I stayed through the season. I didn't care about such trivia. What mattered was that this was a professional baseball players contract and that I was signing it.

So it was that the big day came in San Diego when I was asked to work out with the Padres before a game with the Reds. Like I said, I wasn't feeling too sure of myself. Lister tried to reassure me. "Enjoy it," he said. "Remember, you're a kid playing with the big boys for the first time. It's a thrill, Rich, a great big thrill!"

It was a thrill, all right. As I walked out of the tunnel into the sunlight and onto the field, my heart was pumping furiously. It was a beautiful sight. I'll never forget that first moment. I was 36 pretending to be 21, but I felt like 16.

Because my knees were shaking, I turned to Lister, who was standing be-

hind the dugout. He made a fist and nodded in encouragement. My throat was as dry as a bone, and I didn't feel at all at ease. I stared at him, half wondering if he could hypnotize me right then and there.

Then Second Baseman Glenn Beckert called out to me. "Catch, Aussie?"

I collected my wits. " 'Catch,' mate?" I asked as though I didn't know what he meant.

He pounded a ball in his glove and made a throwing gesture. I nodded, and we warmed up together. Beckert was an old pro, formerly a star with the Cubs, who was now past his prime. I thought, I'll bet I'm older than he is! (I was, by two years.)

Then I was on the field during batting practice, and someone was fungoing ground balls to me between pitches. I made all the moves, but I wasn't really there. I couldn't seem to handle the ball right. Over the years, I'd made thousands of throws right on the money. Suddenly

I couldn't. It kept crossing my mind that someone was going to recognize me. After all, a player's moves are his signature. Then I was called in to hit, and I grabbed a few bats. Someone told me to use a particular one. I got in the cage and started knocking the ball when Derrel Thomas, the Padres' shortstop, rushed over and grabbed the bat I was using. Instantly, I wouldn't let him have it. "Nobody uses my bat!" he hollered. Lots of ballplayers are sensitive about that, I knew. I heard laughter behind the cage and realized I'd been set up. I took another bat, but my hitting wasn't the same. I barely made contact with the next few pitches and got angry at myself. Then I got even angrier at the pitcher when he didn't throw strikes. I couldn't get it all together. When the game began, I didn't even shower. I grabbed my clothes and met Lister, and we blew out of San Diego like a pair of thieves.

"You were pretty sad, Rich," he snapped at me. "You lost your cool. I

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had the glasses on you. You looked like you were itching for trouble."

"I guess I was scared," I said.
"Worse. You were quitting on yourself."

We drove in silence. I thought: Was it true? Was a part of me hoping to be discovered before I had the chance to play a professional game?

Lister kept working on me. "Damn it, Rich," he said, "you've come all this way. You're right on the brink of pulling it off. I can't go to Walla Walla with you. You've got to handle yourself, and that means keeping in control."

I had another week or so to mull it over, which didn't make things easier. My head kept spinning with fears that I wouldn't look young enough, or that they wouldn't believe I was an Australian, or that someone was going to recognize me. Lister kept building me up, saying, "You're taking these risks because you really don't have any choice. You're doing it this way because they won't let you play ball at 36 even though you've proved that you're good enough. Remember that, Rich." He put me under hypnosis for the last time. "You're a helluva ballplayer, Rich. Nothing else matters but that. You're going to be playing ball, and what could be more fun than that? Think of that, Rich. Think of the pleasures of playing ball."

The trouble with being in Walla Walla was that playing was only a small part of being on the club. I had to live with my teammates. I even had a roommate, a fellow named Bill deLorimer. I had to hide all my face creams and powders. I had to shave three times a day without being seen. I had to dress and shower in secret so no one would see my body. I had to be on my toes every minute. And I still had to make the ball club.

Right off, the wig was a problem. It was 98° in Walla Walla, and my hair dye started running beneath my batting helmet. What's more, I couldn't take the helmet off, even when I went out to play the infield. It had two earflaps, because I hit from both sides of the plate, and it fit so snugly that my wig was apt to move when I took it off. "Al-

ways wore it in Australia, mate," I explained to the skipper. "Can't play ball without it."

The Aussie ploy continued to save me as an explanation for all my crazy behavior—like never mixing with the others, staying clear of the front office, even when it was time to pick up meal money. I had picked up a car which gave me mobility, and I'd drive 20 miles to eat in private. Luckily, my roommate was a scared rookie himself, and he didn't care if I locked myself in the bathroom for an hour or more. He was that happy to be left alone.

But how many times could I suit up in the locker room toilet before somebody started asking questions?

After three nerve-racking weeks, I was still around on opening day. They had a big bonus baby playing short, but I knew it was only because they'd spent so much dough on him, that it was only a question of time before I'd be the main man. I'd call Doc Lister and he'd build up my hopes. He wanted "no self-fulfilling prophecy of failure" from me. "You're going to make it, Rich!" he said.

My chance came on the first road game at Lewiston, Idaho. Unless it poured buckets or a bomb fell on the ball park, I was finally going to play my first professional ball game.

Then I saw the Lewiston skipper, a former big league second baseman named Bobby Hofman, and I remembered running into him a dozen years before in St. Petersburg. Would he remember me? I didn't look at him. I wasn't chewing gum. I kept my mouth shut.

"Batter up!" the ump barked.
After 18 years I could hardly keep from laughing. It didn't matter that this was a town in the boon docks; I was going to play pro ball. What I did would go into the record books. They wouldn't let me play when I was young, but I was going to show them something now. When I stepped to the plate, the P.A. man announced, "Now batting for the Padres, Rocky Percone." I got set, waved my bat, took the first pitch low and away, and I thought, by God, it's really happening!

I got a base on balls—officially, not even a time at bat. I took a big lead and watched the pitcher's motion. After walking me, he was cautious about his control, taking an extra second to look toward the plate after he checked me at first. On the second pitch, I ran and I

beat the throw easily, sliding to make sure I'd be safe. I got to my feet, dusted myself off and then looked up at a light tower, feeling like a nightclub star under a single spotlight.

Ha ha to all you scouts who passed me by.

Ha ha to all you managers who never gave me a chance.

Ha ha to all you front-office big shots who would choke on your checkbooks if you knew I was 36.

And hello, Doc Lister, you marvelous crazy bastard.

We did it!

I got a hit the next time up. I made a putout and a couple of assists. I did fine. Trouble was, I could see Bobby Hofman staring at me during the entire game. I had the feeling he was on to me.

When the game was over, he approached me. "Don't I know you?" he asked. "Where the devil have I seen you before?"

"Can't say, mate," I replied, trying to avoid his eyes.

He shook his head but I could tell he wasn't going to quit on it.

Sure enough, the next day I was told to call the front office. In no time at all I knew it was all over for me. No explanations necessary, just a few sheepish questions like, "Say, how old are you, really?" and "Did you really play ball in Australia?"

"Goodbye, mate," they said.

I should've been mad but I wasn't. I'd played a professional baseball game. I did what I'd set out to do. Years ago I'd crawled home from St. Pete to my father's house in Maine like a beaten dog, and later to my sister's in California. But not this time. This time I felt fine.

Well, that was five years ago. I'm almost 41 now. I've been over all this with Doc Lister often enough. We still work out a lot, play ball, tennis, run on the beach. He says I haven't aged at all. I agree. I mean, I feel great. I can still run like a deer and my hands are as sure as ever, and everyone knows a man can hit until he goes blind. I really believe I can still play ball with almost any rookie trying to break in.

The fact is, I'm so sure of it that I'm going to try again. Doc Lister agrees with me. We've got a new notion of how to pull it off, and this time I'm not going to get caught.

You'll see.

END

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As I Did It

by GRADY JAMES ROBINSON

FOR A MOMENT, A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME DIVE SEEMED THE LAST-OF-A-LIFETIME

I peered down through the willow leaves into the white and green water of Jackass Junction, concentrating, psyching myself, gaining courage to execute a dive that no other sane human would dare attempt. This performance, I was convinced, would live forever in the minds of those who watched. I was known all over Sebastian County as the wildest tree diver ever to launch from a swaying limb.

My toes ached from gripping the willow branches between them. My hilly-white, bare bottom flushed brazenly through the trees at passing motorists on Highway 10, only 300 yards away.

"Do it!" they screamed from below.

"I'm goin', I'm goin'," I said. I had to. It was too late to back out. You didn't climb down the willow tree.

Most of the guys had already performed their top vote-getting dives. Each in turn had climbed the tree, verbally described to all present their own personal dive—and jumped. But this would be my all-time best, the once in a lifetime: a forward-flip-catch-a-Snickers-in-midair (thrown from the creek bank at the precise moment) and eat-it-before-you-hit-the-water dive. A feat to shame all other attempts, the World Series of belly whoppers.

It all started in May of 1957, these dandy treks to the best swimming hole around Greenwood, Ark. We rode old fenderless bicycles out to the second bridge on Highway 10. Usually the whole gang showed up, and just about everybody rode a bicycle. Everybody, that is, except Wayland T. Jackson. He never rode a bicycle. He usually just appeared out of the bushes, or someone would spot him wading from upstream or crawling through the thick brush along the banks. We'd be swimming or playing chase when all of a sudden there would be Wayland T., with that strange look on his face. His family had moved into town from a far-off region—Louisiana or somewhere. He never said much and never joined in the races or the diving contests. He was

very skinny and had olive-green skin and slanted brown eyes. Everyone thought Wayland T. was a little strange. One day he brought a snake to school. That did it: everyone knew then that Wayland T. had not been blessed with a full deck. Any sane, normal, red-blooded American was deathly afraid of snakes, especially cottonmouth water moccasins.

During the summer, the intrusion of a cottonmouth was the only thing that could separate us from the cool waters of Jackass Junction. An Arkansas thunderstorm couldn't budge us, even the kind that rolled in from southwest Okla-



homa, spewing lightning bolts like buckshot. Nor could a tornado approaching from over Backbone Mountain or the blessed news of an unprotected watermelon patch make us move. Only one thing, one obscene word—snake—could empty the water in an instant.

But now I was ready to dive. "O.K.," I yelled at Billy Joe, my designated Snicker thrower, "don't throw until after I come out of the flip, you hear? After!"

"Yeah, got it," he replied. "You ready?"

"No, for God's sake, no," I whispered, but they couldn't hear me.

David, my own brother, had performed the famous cherry-bomb dive, a real crowd pleaser. He jumped from the tree, whistling through his teeth on the

way down, then he grabbed his knee and hugged it up to his chest just before he hit the water. Twweeeeee ker-BOOM! Water shot high into the air. It was majestic and impressive.

My main competition, however, was from my old friend and companion, Joe Studdford, a diminutive, but extremely fast, second baseman on the Little League team. Joe's number was called the cow-pasture-sprint-leap-over-the-barbed-wire-fence-head-first-special. Truly a magnificent expression of adolescent creativity, coupled with raw nerve and just a dash of sheer idiocy. The kid was fast. He backed off out through the pasture of the Circle L Ranch and, after a deep breath, began the sprint. Dodging rocks, sticklers, stumps and fresh cow piles, he approached the fence and dove through the barbed wire with reckless abandon. He then crashed through the thick bushes at the water's edge and tumbled into the water.

I knew that it would be almost impossible to top that number. In order to win the diving prize, a sack of Hershey bars and two Snickers, I'd have to come up with a real showstopper. I had been standing there almost 20 minutes. The sun was setting and the white-faced Herefords were moving slowly toward the pasture gate.

"O.K., this is it," I yelled again. "You ready, Billy Joe? You ready to throw?"

"Ready?"

"You sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure," he screamed. "Now go, will ya?"

"Here goes!"

I looked once again at the water. It was like concrete if you landed just wrong. I jumped.

I began the never-before-attempted forward-flip-catch-Snickers-in-midair-and-eat-it-before-you-hit-the-water dive. It was my moment in time. In all of Sebastian County and the universe, I was on center stage. I forced my head forward, anticipating the proper momentum. I knew I'd have to get the flip over with as quickly as possible so as to concentrate on the Snicker that would come at me like a chocolate meteor.

From my upside-down position, I saw a hawk make a right (or was it a left?) turn. Like a clicking camera lens I saw scenes pass before my eyes, focused for only a split second before disappearing. I saw the Herefords walking upside down

continued



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**Sports Illustrated**
IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

AS I DID IT

toward their alternative feeding. The cattle were followed quickly by dirt bank, willow tree trunk, willow tree top, blue sky opposite bank, staring faces, green foam water.

Then—just as Billy Joe drew his arm back to throw the Snicket—someone screamed, “Seizasthake!”

The cry went chill through my gasping body.

"Snake! Snake! Snake!" roared from a dozen throats. I lost what little control I had and came out of my forward flip somewhere south of China, flapping, twisting, legs pumping like pistons. I saw a chocolate-brown blur coming at me at high speed against a background of seagull bodies, leaves, and splashing water.

Where was the snake?

I reached out frantically in the general direction of the blur and felt a stinging sensation on the right side of my face as the candy bar hit with surprising impact. I grabbed it and shoved it into my mouth just as my tender stomach hit the surface of Jackson Junction.

Where is the snake? What land is it?
Is it true they can't bite underwater?
Screams of panic echoed across the
pastureland.

"Look, it's a granddaddy' Lookat that sucker!"

I was underwater with a mouth full of Snicker and muddy creek water. I couldn't breathe, but that was not half as important as the location of the intruder. The Devil King swam somewhere in the same pool with the naked I, and I didn't like it one little bit.

They were still ranting about the size of the cottonmouth when my head finally appeared above the surface.

"Get out, you idiot!"

I couldn't move because I was gagging for air. My front side was completely numb from the impact, and I was choking on the mixture of chocolate and muddy water. My friends dragged me up the side of the bank and stood in silence watching the snake glide effortlessly and quietly through the middle of our innocent young lives.

"Didja see me" I caught it, didja see it" I rasped.

"Lookat the size of that dude," Kenny said in awe. I looked for the first time and saw a huge cottonmouth water moccasin. With head triumphantly aloft, he slithered slowly and deliberately through the water only a few feet from the bank.

on which we were standing. Never again could I freely and without fear immerse myself in the cloudy green water of the Junction. The intruder, symbolic of another snake in another garden of innocence, paraded triumphantly the entire length of the pool and then returned as if to mock us one more time. We watched in helpless silence.

Then it happened. From the very top of the willow tree a trumpet call sounded forth across the fields.

"*EE-ayyyhhhh*," blasted into our cars from above. Plummeting through the air, descending straight down toward the huge cottonmouth, was none other than Wayland T. Jackson. "Snnnnnasnake dmmme," he cried. The once-performed, never-forgotten snake dive.

He hit the water directly on top of the snake and disappeared. The cottonmouth was nowhere to be seen and neither was Wayland T.

“Wayland T. is crazy!”

A dark spot appeared just beneath the surface of the water. It was the burr-head haircut of Weyland T. as he came up laughing and gasping for air.

"I got 'im," he screamed.

He raised his right arm from beneath the water. Leaves rattled as a dozen boys took one giant step backward, for the cottonmouth, all eight feet, was wrapped around Wayland T.'s skinny arm. His bony fingers couldn't reach around the midsection of the snake as he crawled out on the dirt bank, heing careful not to pinch or irritate his captive. The snake didn't appear to be disturbed; his tongue flicked and darted from his large head, his small eyes seemed to speak. Wayland T. smiled his funny little smile that revealed no teeth.

"He wins," someone said.

"Yeah, snake dive wins."

"Beautiful," said another

A sack of melted Hershey bars and two Snickers landed at Wayland's feet. He picked up his faded Levi's with his left hand and tossed them over his shoulder and, with the cottonmouth curled round his arm and neck, sloshed upstream. He was licking melted chocolate from a Hershey wrapper and whispering to his new friend as he disappeared into the underbrush.

We dressed in uncommon silence.

"Did anybody see my dive?" I asked
"I caught the dang thing"

There was no answer.

E. Nelson



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 4-10

Compiled by STEVE WULF

BASEBALL—Cal State Fullerton defeated Arkansas 3-1 in the first game to win the 1984 College World Series in Omaha (page 47)

GOLF—DONNA CAPONE YOUNG shot a final-round 70 for a nine-under par total of 279 to win the \$150,000 LPGA championship in Kongs Island, Ohio by three strokes over Jerilyn Burd (page 25)

ANDY BEAN fired closing rounds of 61 and 67 for a 23-under par total of 263 and an eight-stroke victory in the \$500,000 Atlanta Classic. Ben winning margin over second-place finisher Joe Janney was the widest on the present in 31 years.

JAY SIGEL, of Philadelphia defeated Scott Roth of Raleigh, N.C. 3 and 2 to win the British Amateur, in Southampton, England.

HARNESS RACING—SONSAM (52.80), driven by Ganey Shady, won the \$100,000 Ruffalo of the Breakdown for 3-year-old pacers by 3/4 of a length over Breakdown King. The winner was clocked in 1:37 1/2.

HORSE RACING—Ruben Hernandez rode COASTAL (15:10) to a 3/4-length victory over Golden Act in the 11th Belmont Stakes. Spectacular Red finished third in his unsuccessful try to complete the Triple Crown. The winner's time for the 1 1/4 miles was 2:28 1/2 (page 14)

TROY, a 4-year-old shot ridden by Willie Carson, beat Dickmen Hill by seven lengths to win the 200th English Derby in Epsom. The winner's time for the \$300,000 race was 2:37 over 1 1/4 miles on the grass.

DAVIDNA DALE (\$2.40), Jorge Velozquez up with the \$100,000 Maribel Gross Stakes, the second leg of the Triple Crown for fillies, at Arlington by 10 lengths over Elquest. Winning time for the 1 1/4 miles was 1:40 1/2.

MOTOR SPORTS—American brothers DON and BILL WHITT (Newton) and West German KLAUS LUDWIG teamed up to drive a Porsche 2.593 miles to win the 24 Hours of Le Mans road race. Their average speed was 108.06 mph. Accei Paul Newman and teammate Paul Newman and Dick Barbour finished second, also in a Porsche. 53 miles behind the winners.

SOCCER—NASC. It was a week for hot tracks, there were three three-goal performances, all in one night. Minnesota leader in the Central Division of the National Conference, beat San Jose 4-1 in Alton Wiley scored three times, all on headers. Later in the week the Kiwis de-

feated National West leader Vancouver 1-0. New England broke out of a scoring slump with a 3-1 win over California in Gerry Dwyer had three goals and three assists. German star Gerd Mueller had his best game since joining the league, scoring three times and assisting twice in Fort Lauderdale's 4-1 win over Edmonton. The San Diego team had three goals winning 1984 trophy three days later in a 3-1 loss to Houston. Jordan in the American Conference Central Division Karl Benz Gervasio scored three of Chicago's goals in a 3-1 win over Portland. The National East-leading Cosmos won their 11th game in 13 outings, 4-1 over Dallas Tamps Bay, the American East leader, split two games, losing 1-0 to Philadelphia and beating Washington 1-0. San Diego took over first place in the American West with a 4-0 victory over Edmonton.

ASL, Calderhead continued to dominate the league with its 19th and 11th victories in a row. The Sunbeats 13-0-1 and leading the Western Division by 40 points, beat Cleveland 2-1 in overtime and Indianapolis 3-1. Paul Benkert scored the winner in the 10th extra minute against the Cosmos, and he also got the final goal against the Devils. Cleveland lost another tough game, 1-0, to the Eastern Division-leading New York Eagles, who got their goal from Clyde Watson. New Jersey won its second game of the season, 2-1 over Pennsylvania in overtime. The Senators topped the tables two in goals but lost the Americans 3-2.

TENNIS—BILLY BORG won his fourth French Open in six years, beating Victor Pines 4-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4 in Paris. In the women's final, CHRIS EVERT LOUGHE defeated Wendy Turnbull 6-2, 6-4. SANDY and GENE MAYER beat Phil Davis and Ross Case 6-4, 6-4, 6-4 to become the first brothers to win a doubles title in a major championship since 1924.

TRACK & FIELD—MARITA KOCH broke her world record for the women's 200 meters with a clocking of 21.71, 32 of a second faster than the mark she set on the track before. KIM BRYCE SCHEITH, of INGLAND AUERWALD and MARILEE GOHR of East Germany also set a world record in the women's 400-meter relay in a meet with Canada. Their time of 49.09 seconds broke the mark of 42.27 established by a different East German team in 1978.

VOLLEYBALL—JVA, Santa Barbara won three times to move to within one match of Western Division-leading Seattle, but the big news happened off the court. Beane Defoe of the Spiders, the league's male MVP last year, was fined \$1,000 for attacking official Steve Ar-

nor after Santa Barbara was over Denver. The fine was the largest in the league's five-year history. Another record was set when Albuquerque lost three more matches. The Lazers are now 0-11, the worst start ever in the IFA. Tucson was twice on the road to overtime Denver, which lost twice, for first place in the Continental Division.

MEETINGS—APPROVED By the NRA's Board of Governors, the transfer of the New Orleans Jaxx to Salt Lake City. The salt-to-be-named team will be placed in the league's Midwest Division, with the Indiana Pacers moving to the Central Division.

HIRE As coach of the Houston Rockets, DEL HARRIS, 41, a Rockets assistant coach for three seasons, was named TOM NISSALKE, 44, who reportedly turned down an offer to become the Houston general manager. Newkirk has 124 games and lost 122 in three years with the Rockets and had an eight-year record of 259-271 with five seasons in the NBA and ABA.

As coach of the Chicago Black Hawks, EDDY JOHANSTON, 43, former NHL goalie (1961-70) and a minor league coach in the Black Hawks system. Johnston succeeds Bob Falletti, who resigned after a two-season stint of 61-65-34 but will remain as general manager.

As coach of the Atlanta Flames, AL MACNEIL, 43, former director of player personnel (1977-79) and coach (1979-71) of the Montreal Canadiens. MacNeil, who guided the Canadiens to the Stanley Cup championship in 1971, replaces Fred Chynoweth, who was fired after 415 games with the Flames.

RETIRED From auto racing, British driver JAMES HUNT, 31, the 1976 Formula 1 champion. Since 1977, when he lost won a Grand Prix race, Hunt has been involved in five crashes.

SIGNED By the Boston Celtics, 6'9" LARRY RIRD, the 22-year-old, All-America forward from Indiana State, in a five-year contract worth an estimated \$3.75 million, which will make him the highest-paid rookie in sports history.

DIED Fred (Hyland) TAYLOR, 93, a legendary swimmer from the early days of professional hockey and a member of the Sports Hall of Fame, in Vancouver, British Columbia. Taylor, who retired in 1921 after winning 194 goals in 194 games, had two teams in the Stanley Cup, the 1909 Ottawa Senators and the 1915 Vancouver Millionaires.

CREDITS

44—Tony Tughe 16-19—Hans Krumholz 87—Rod Harring, photojournalist by Saul Lichten 77—C. A. Times 41—Nancy Mann-Johnson

FACES IN THE CROWD



LEN MLUCZENOWSKI
Bryn Mawr

Len, a senior at St. Francis Prep, won 55 consecutive one-wall baseball matches to set a New York City Catholic High School record. He is also the first player to win the Catholic doubles title four times. He did so with two different partners.



JANE BRUCHER
Bryn Mawr

Brucher, 52, who recently retired after 31 years as the field-hockey coach at Springfield High, guided her team to a 211-20-21 record, including 13 undefeated seasons, three in which the Cougars went unbeaten, undefeated and unscored on.

ARTRA, SHERRI TUNA and DENEA HOWARD
San Bernardino, Calif.

The Howard sisters, competing for San Geronimo High, broke the national menschaucala girls' mile relay record for the third straight week, at the State Class A-A-A track meet. The Howards were timed in 3:44.1, 3.5 seconds faster than the mark that stood before their record-breaking streak. Sherry, 16, established the national girls' record in the 440 at the same meet with a time of 55.65. Denean, 14, has the second-fastest 440 clocking in the state 55.02. Artra, 17, and Tuna, 15, are half-sisters.



REINHARD ZOLLITSCH
Ottawa, Maine

Zollitsch, a 40-year-old professor of Geomorphology at the University of Maine, won the 16-mile Kendaugus Stream Canoe Race near Bangor. Paddling a March-11 kayak, he finished the race in 2:22.6 to beat 281 other canoers.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BRUCE'S PLAYER

Sir,

It isn't often that a caddy makes the cover of *SI* (June 4), but as Tom Watson keeps winning, his caddy, Bruce Edwards, is also becoming well known, especially here in Wethersfield, Conn., his hometown and, incidentally, the site of the Sammy Davis Jr. Greater Hartford Open.

Which reminds me of a story about Jack Nicklaus and his caddy, Angelo Argea. A year or so ago, when Nicklaus was trying to get to the green at one tournament, someone said, "Make way for Angelo and his player." Perhaps soon they will say, "Make way for Bruce and his player."

ROBERT M. ELRIK
Wethersfield, Conn.

PREDICTIONS

Sir,

Before everyone starts criticizing your NBA playoff predictions (*Jr's Washington [City] vs. Washington [State]*, by George, April 16), I would like to congratulate you. The playoffs were just starting when that story appeared, and you correctly said that the Bulls would win in the East, and they did. You said that the SuperSonics would win the West, and they did. You said that their final series would go only five games, and you were right. You said the Bulls would win. They didn't, but three out of four ain't bad.

BOB KURLIN
Spokane

Sir,

You were 3,000 miles off! Our Sonics are super!

JEFF DANNER
Bremerton, Wash.

SILAS, UNSELD...AND DANDRIDGE

Sir,

Surely Paul Silas is one NBA player who has made the best of his limited skills (*The Bulls Weather an Ice Storm*, May 28). However, John Papane said, "He and Washington's Wes Unseld... are participating in their fourth NBA championship series, more than any other active players." I believe that this statement is in error. Washington's Bobby Dandridge was also participating in his fourth. In 1971 and 1974 he went to the finals with the Milwaukee Bucks, and in 1978 he got there again with the Washington Bullets.

REGINALD RUSOP
Whitewater, Ariz.

SALMON

Sir,

For one of my college courses, I recently wrote a research paper concerning the de-

terioration of the salmon run on the Columbia River in the Northwest. Your timely article (*Climor Afloat the Klamath*, June 4) on the Klamath River run has reaffirmed my prognosis: the salmon is all but dead, and only its persistent drive to survive has delayed the burial.

Although the Klamath run is threatened with annihilation, man's intervention on the Columbia has created even greater problems there. As on the Klamath, the Indian fisheries are entitled to catch 50% of the Columbia's harvestable run, and commercial fisheries also take a large number of salmon. However, it is the extensive damming of the Columbia River that may prove to be the final—and fatal—blow. Biologists estimate a 15% mortality rate among salmon when they encounter main-stream dams, primarily because of super-saturated nitrogen and turbine kills.

The most distressing aspect of the decline of both the Klamath and Columbia River runs is that the public appears to take little interest. I hope your article will stir up enough public interest to save the depleted stocks of salmon throughout the U.S.

BRIAN JOSEPH HEFTY
Klamath Falls, Ore.

NO MICKEY MOUSE OPERATION

Sir,

As boxing manager and promoter Pete Ashlock's director of boxing from 1975-78, I must correct Douglas S. Looney's contention (*Losing Search for a Winner*, May 28) that Orlando, Fla. has never had a profitable boxing show. On the contrary, about 25% of my 67 cards made money. And after I moved to New York to become Teddy Brenner's assistant matchmaker at Madison Square Garden early in 1978, I gave Pete two successful main events: Edgar (Mad Dog) Ross vs. Ralph Padilla for the North American junior middleweight (not junior welterweight, as *SI* said), and Howard Davis vs. Larry Stanton, Orlando's first and only nationally televised bout.

While Pete did lose big money in '75, we minimized his red ink the next year, and in 1977 the boxing operation actually generated a profit.

BRUCE TRAMBLER
New York City

Sir,

Pete Ashlock should be a hero in Orlando, but the city, the county and the local newspapers, the *Sentinel* and *Evening Star*, won't let him be one. Even Philadelphia *Mer* star Darryl Dawkins, who comes from Orlando,

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

is virtually unknown here. Only Mickey Mouse is a celebrity in this non-sports town.

MICHAEL J. MCNAMEE
Orlando, Fla.

NO TEST

Sir:

The purpose of this letter is to correct a misstatement that appeared in SCORECARD (May 14). You said that Gunter Horz, promoter of the spaghetti tennis racket, "attended a board meeting of the Omaha Tennis Association, and as a result the board voted to require that the Missouri Valley Tennis Association allow spaghetti rackets to be tested for a year in tournaments."

What actually occurred at the April 23 meeting was that the board voted 5-4 to consider for action at its next meeting an inquiry to the Nebraska Tennis Association as to whether spaghetti rackets could be allowed in a sanctioned adult tournament.

At the next meeting, which was held on May 14, a week after your item went to press, the motion to make such a request was defeated.

RAY SOMMER
President
Omaha Tennis Association
Omaha

FAST-PITCHER (CONT.)

Sir:

The Jack McCallum story about Ty Stofflet was excellent (*This Guy Can Rise It, Drop It and Pop It at 104 mph*, May 28). I take exception, however, to Herb Dudley's comment that Eddie Feigner wouldn't be in the same class with Stofflet and the rest of the great fast-pitch softball pitchers. I caught Feigner 16 years ago while he was warming up for an exhibition. His dropball would break down and in, down and out or straight down. His rise would go up and out, up and in or straight up, and he had a roundhouse curve, a slow curve and a hard flat curve. He also had a great changeup and a fastball that would almost knock you down. I'm sure that Stofflet is the best in the world now, and Dudley was one of the greatest ever, but I can't imagine any of them being better than the "King" in his prime.

KEN CHRISTENSEN
Johnstown, Pa.

Sir:

Having recently moved to Allentown, Pa. and its fast-pitch softball league, I have had the opportunity to face Ty Stofflet only once. He walked me on four straight pitches. The umpire probably didn't see the ball either.

DOUG ADAMS
Allentown, Pa.

Sir:

Ty Stofflet's 20-ning no-hitter must rate as one of the greatest pitching feats in the history of fast-pitch softball. However, another left-hander from an earlier era (1930-1959), John Hunter, must rate right up there with Stofflet. Pitching for the Clearwater (Fla.)

Bombers in perhaps the toughest fast-pitch league in the country, Hunter won 275 and lost only 19 before a hip injury put him out of the game. In 1951 Hunter pitched 479 consecutive hitless innings and struck out an amazing 45 batters in a row.

The Bombers won 10 Amateur Softball Association world tournaments, and Hunter's record in world competition was 23-2.

BOB HOUSSACKER
Phoenix

Sir:

Bobby Spell of Crowley, La. is a member of the National Softball Association Hall of Fame and of the Louisiana Sports Hall of Fame. He was considered one of the world's greatest softball pitchers during the period 1956 to 1960, when his team won three world championships and he was All-World three times. He pitched 205 innings in world tournament competition, allowing only eight earned runs, and he had more than 200 no-hitters during his remarkable softball career.

RONNIE SCOTT
Lake Charles, La.

Sir:

You say the national softball Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City is "hardly a tourist attraction." Comparing softball's Hall of Fame to baseball's is unfair, mainly because baseball's Hall has been in existence since 1939 while softball's was built in 1973. Since that time, the softball Hall of Fame has averaged 70,000 visitors a season (March through October).

Knocking softball isn't smart. More than 27 million people play the game.

D. E. PORTER
Executive Director
Amateur Softball Association
Oklahoma City

BOARD GAMES

Sir:

Martin Robins really evoked some memories in his story about the Ethel Allen All-Star Baseball Game. (As I Oat It, May 28). The sound of the spinner drove my parents crazy for several years.

What Robins forgot to mention is how Allen's board game turned mediocre players into near superstars. My favorite was Aaron Robinson. As far as I can tell, Robinson had one good season—1946—when he hit .297, with 16 home runs, while catching for the Yankees. After that he never had more than 13 home runs, but he was forever getting between 25 and 30 homers in the ASB league 1 played in. And Willard Marshall's performances were seemingly based on the one all-around good year he had for the Giants, 1947, when he batted .291, with 36 homers and 107 runs batted in.

JACK MAJOR
Crimson, R.I.

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	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Kent	12	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05

Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar
and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.



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than
1 mg.
tar,
0.1 mg. nic.

Carlton.
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The lighter
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Only
5 mg.
tar,
0.5 mg. nic.

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Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78. 100 min: 5 mg.
"tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.